Fit "TripleX" -and be safe ROVER do

THE SPHERE, JULY 23, 1938
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE." 1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLIV No. 2009 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JULY 23 1938

Mothersills

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

STOPS and PREVENTS

ALL TRAVEL SICKNESS BY SEA, AIR, TRAIN, OR MOTOR

Of all Chemists throughout the World.

What is CLARET? SAUTERNES?

A descriptive booklet (not a price list) will be sent post free on application to Bordeaux Agents Association, 17, Harp Lane, London, E.C.3.

SPINK Cash Buyers of FINE JEWELS · DIAMONDS ANTIQUE & MODERN SILVER

5,6,&7, KING ST., ST. JAMES'S, LONDON, S.W.I. *Estd.1772.* Telephone: Whitehall 5275 (5 lines)

12,000 MILES AWAY

—IT'S JUST LIKE HOME

At the Hostels of The British Sailors' Society—A Home from Home atmosphere welcomes all Seamen in leading Ports throughout the world. Will you help us to keep the doors open? Hon. Treasurer: Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Sykes, P.C., etc., 680, Commercial Road, London, E.14

BRITISH SAILORS' SOCY

TRADE MARK

TENNENT'S *British* **LAGER**

Tennent's Lager Beer is on sale at all Bars and Restaurants at the Empire Exhibition, Glasgow

THE LARGEST EXPORTERS OF BRITISH BOTTLED BEERS

ESTD. 1745

J. & R. Tennent, Ltd., Wellpark Brewery, Glasgow

GAYMER'S CYDER

BY APPOINTMENT

WM. GAYMER & SON LTD., ATTLEBOROUGH, ENGLAND

The Friend that never fails

Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless . . . The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate . . . The Salvation Army.

Please remember the work it is doing — and help!

Gifts and Enquiries welcomed by
GENERAL EVANGELINE BOOTH,
101, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

THE SALVATION ARMY

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from **4 gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned **NATURAL** *Mineral Water*

FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM

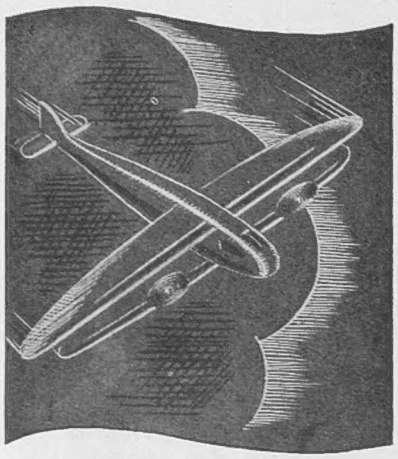
Drink it at Meals and during the day

FLY TO

DEAUVILLE

FROM

CROYDON IN 55 MINUTES



VIA OLLEY AIR SERVICE, LTD.

Departure from **HORSEFERRY HOUSE,** London, at 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. (Tel. Victoria 6971/4) and from **CROYDON** at 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. (Tel. Croydon 5117/8).

BRIGHTON-DEAUVILLE daily Service (only 40 minutes) begins July 29.

Fares: Single **£2.15.0** Return **£5.0.0**

Tel. Shoreham 500.

2 hours from Paris-St. Lazare.
45 minutes from Le Havre.
Information at all Travel Agencies.

NORMANDY HOTEL
HOTEL DU GOLF
ROYAL HOTEL

1,250 de-luxe rooms.

Room only with bathroom £1.0.0
Room and full board inclusive, from £1 . 11 . 0

ALL SPORTS—TWO GOLF LINKS—POLO—TENNIS—INTERNATIONAL REGATTAS—PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN—HORSE SHOW—RACES

FORTHCOMING EVENTS:

July—August—September: 34 days of HORSE RACES on 2 courses—5,000,000 francs in prizes.

GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE SUNDAY, AUGUST 28.

Sale of yearlings and polo ponies in August.

BRIDGE TOURNAMENT from July 23 to August 3.

ROULETTE with highest maximum stakes — BANQUE OUVERTE — BACCARAT

Bright spots in Deauville are CIRO'S, under the direction of ALBERT from MAXIM'S, TARDET'S BAR, under the management of MAURICE d'ARHANPE, the DEAUVILLE YACHT CLUB, where GEORGES CARPENTIER will welcome you, the famed RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS and Deauville's night club, BRUMMELL.

F. André - Managing Director.

DEAUVILLE

LA PLAGE FLEURIE

Stout hearts, stout soles!

PURITAN *Leather Soles*

for longer wear and greater comfort

Puritan Tanneries Ltd., Runcorn, Cheshire. CVS-156

Can you take PASSABLE SNAPS?

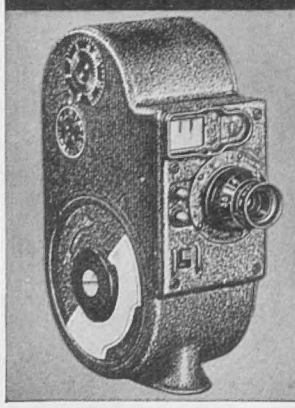
- THEN YOU CAN MAKE *Superb Movies*

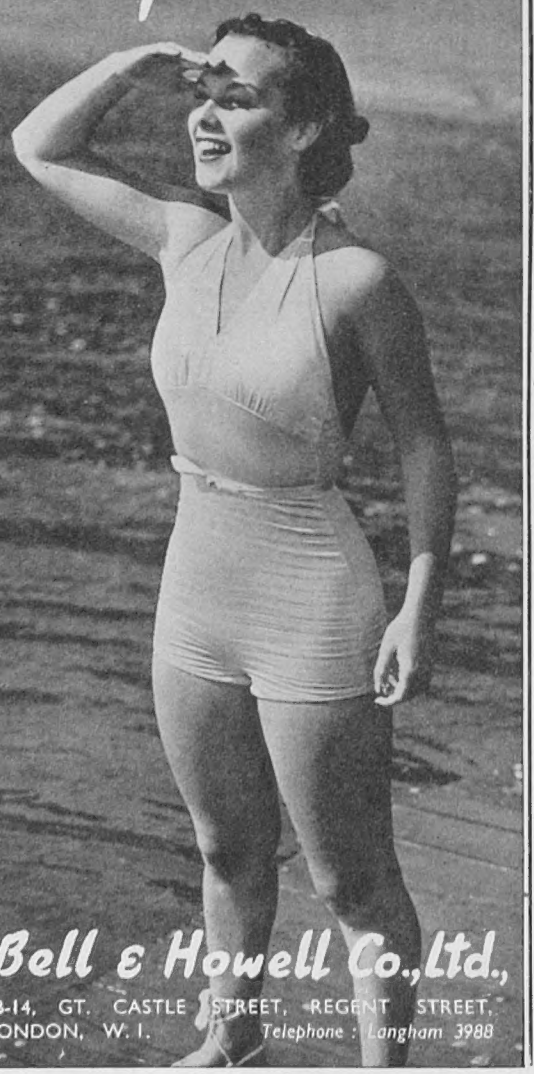
Filmo 8

has been specially designed for the uninitiated. Five minutes after you become a Filmo 8 owner, you can be making theatre-like movies in full natural colour, or black and white. Film costs are reduced to a quarter. In size the Filmo 8 is little bigger than a full tobacco pouch—it is never in the way and always ready for action. Decide now to make your own movies before the summer's gone. Models from £17.7.6.

The little booklet "How to make inexpensive personal movies" explains how thrilling and simple it all is—may we send you a copy, or you can

SEE FILMO AT YOUR DEALERS





Bell & Howell Co., Ltd.,

13-14, GT. CASTLE STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1. *Telephone: Langham 3988*

The **ARGUS** TELESCOPE

FOR THE COAST
FOR THE COUNTRY
FOR THE SPORTSMAN
FOR THE NATURE LOVER

The "Argus" telescope is a special and distinct model; consideration has been given to providing well-proportioned qualities so that magnifying power might be suited to the diameter of the object glass.

The body is covered in morocco and is provided with caps and slings.

DIAMETER OF OBJECT GLASS 2"
MAGNIFICATION X25
SIZE CLOSED ... ... 10½"

Price **£5.0.0** *Carr. Paid*
With pancratic eyepiece magnifications x25—x35 **£6.2.6**

W. WATSON & SONS, LTD., *Makers of Telescopes,*
313, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

FOXES are finished . . . how about the "LYNX"?

Or tennis courts for that matter. Keep fit and increase sport skill the "AD-EX" way. "AD-EX" is NOT A DUMBBELL but a telescopic exerciser to develop right muscles for each sport—particularly horse riding, golf, tennis. Strength increase shown pound by pound. No fixing; 5 minutes daily use in home or office works wonders. Gift chart gives exercises for each sport. 3 strengths—childs. adults and athletes. Approved by the medical profession.

Guaranteed 5 Years

"AD-EX"

(World Patents applied for)

TELESCOPIC (Pocket) EXERCISER

Patentees and Manufacturers

EXERCISE without EXERTION

De Luxe 25/-
Silent in operation

A. W. CHAPMAN LTD., Dept. S E, Ranelagh Gardens, LONDON, S.W.6

Tel.: RENown 1372

Paris — Buenos Aires — Melbourne — Johannesburg — Stockholm, etc.

Est. 37 Years

ASTHMA

[New Low Price of 4/-]

Made Possible by Increased Demand.

If you want relief from spells of hard breathing, choking and wheezing that makes you gasp for breath, try Himrod's Cure. It has brought relief to sufferers for over sixty five years.

A Doctor writes:—
"I have prescribed Himrod's with unbelieveable results"

Insist on the genuine

HIMROD'S CURE

HOW'S YOUR GOLF?

Each week HENRY COTTON writes on GOLF in The Illustrated SPORTING and DRAMATIC News. He will answer enquiries about *YOUR* golf.

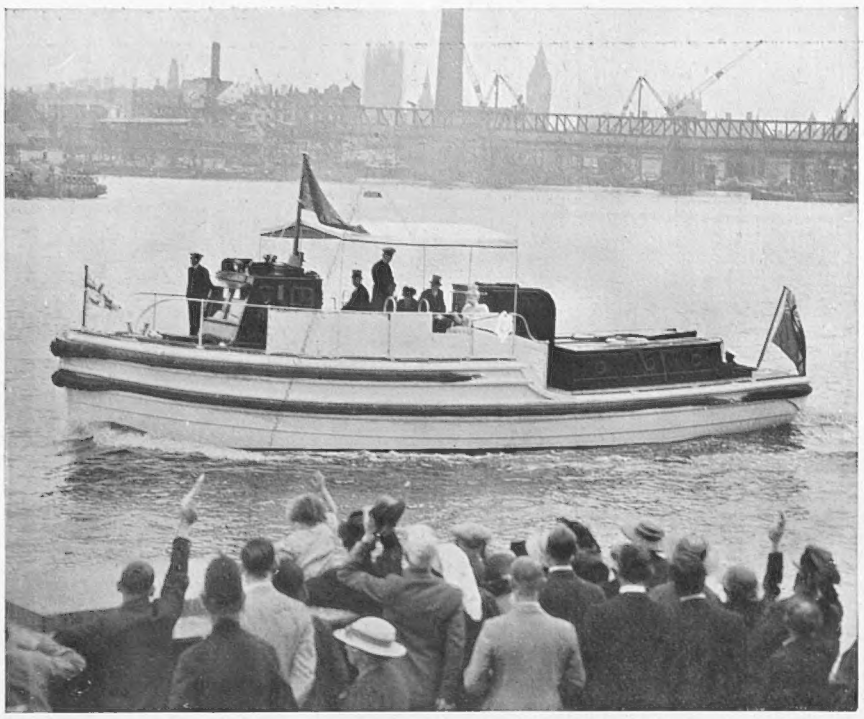
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 23, 1938

THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVE IN PARIS

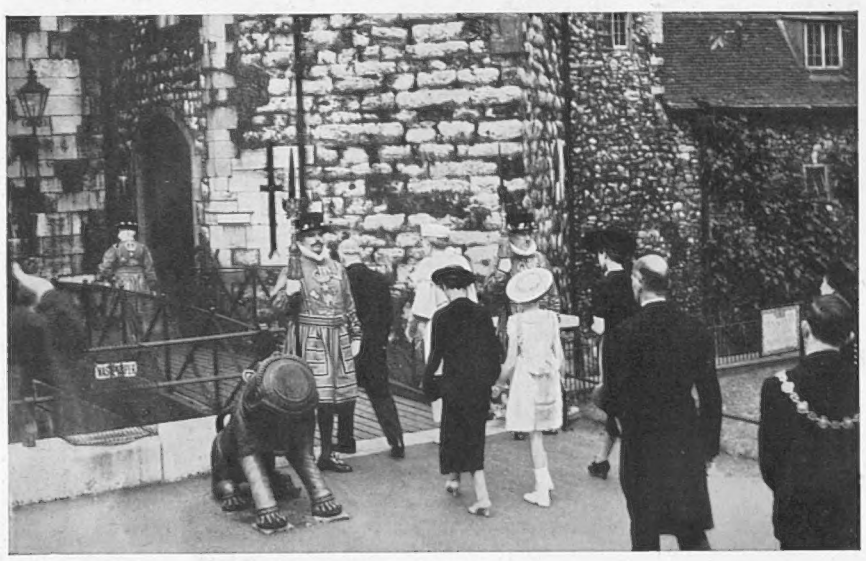
Their Majesties Greeted by President Albert Lebrun at the Bois de Boulogne Station at the Start of this Week's Royal Visit

When in 1903 King Edward VII paid a State visit to the Paris he had known so well as Prince of Wales, Fashoda was still a bitter memory, mistrust was not wholly absent, and many Frenchmen had yet to learn of the abiding affection he felt for their country. Almost in a day the very power of the King's personality, his air of good fellowship, wrought a miraculous change, created a kinship, indeed, that has endured from that hour to this, through the testing time of war and the anxious years of reconstruction. That that kinship remains as vital a force as ever was amply demonstrated on Tuesday of this week when our King and Queen arrived in Paris on their first journey abroad of the reign, there to be greeted, as they drove through thronged and decorated streets, with a heartfelt enthusiasm that bespoke beyond doubt the deep sincerity of President and people. The little station in the Bois de Boulogne, where Their Majesties, as pictured here, alighted on arrival in the capital, was, interestingly enough, the same station at which President Loubet welcomed King Edward VII in 1903 and President Poincaré welcomed King George V eleven years later. The place was specially opened and decorated for the occasion, the whole of one side of the building being covered with cream-coloured cloth to resemble a marquee, the roof of which was supported by pillars adorned with strips of red, white, and blue material

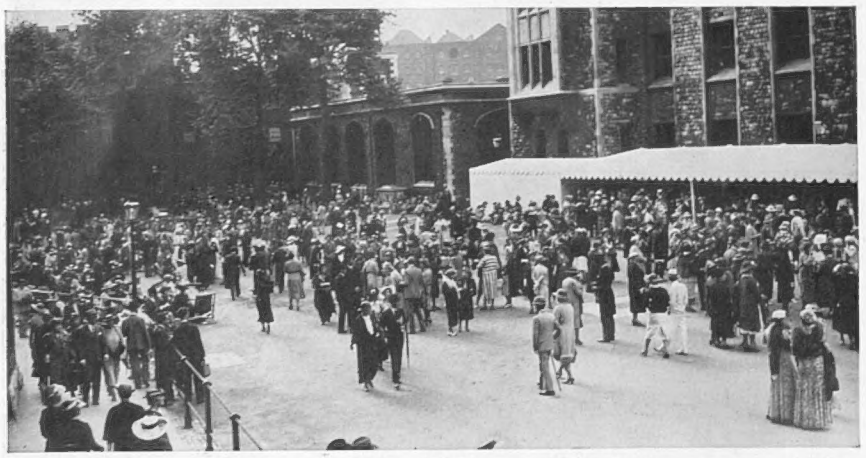
Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.



QUEEN MARY'S THAMES JOURNEY: Crowds lining the Embankment to cheer Her Majesty as she passed down the river from Westminster Pier in the Trinity House launch, *Lady Apsley*, afterwards landing at the Queen's Stairs and attending a garden party held in the grounds of the Tower of London in aid of the improvement scheme



AFTER LANDING AT THE QUEEN'S STAIRS, an approach to the Tower unused by Royalty since the days of Elizabeth, Queen Mary walked through the precincts to King's Green where she attended the garden party in aid of Tower Hill Improvement. She was received by Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob, Constable of the Tower



THE GARDEN PARTY AT THE TOWER: A general view of the scene at the fortress-palace which for the first time was being used for such a function in aid of charity

On left—QUEEN MARY AT HAMPTON COURT: Her Majesty, who has been particularly busily engaged during the past week, seen among a large throng of guests during the reception held at the ancient palace to mark the centenary of its opening to the general public. Queen Mary is keenly interested in the work of restoration that is steadily proceeding there, and noted among other things the skilful rearrangement of the pictures lately carried out by Sir Kenneth Clark, Director of the National Gallery

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32-34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, July 20, 1938.

A GIRDLE ROUND THE EARTH.

— The new Puck — Mr. Howard Hughes—with his four companions put a girdle about the earth, not quite in Puck's time of 40 mins. but reasonably quickly, to wit in 3 days 19 hrs. 17 mins. No doubt this time will be improved on in our day, as they improved on Wiley Post's time of 7 days 18 hrs. set up five years ago. There is good and bad in their record. It may comfort us and worry aggressors to know that at least 200 of our future battle planes can make any point 7,000 miles from our coast "our frontier line" in time of war. But that is cold comfort. The new Puck has flown his great Lockheed liner 14,000 miles in ninety hours. But all the other Pucks are flapping their wings now that Hughes has made the earth, already far too small, a little suburb with all the drawbacks of suburbs where unwelcome visitors drop into one's back garden when least expected and least wanted. I admire Messrs. Hughes and company immensely, I marvel at their courage and grit, and I congratulate them. But I rather wish they hadn't . . . and I hope no one for a week or two will set out to lower their record. It should stand till 1939. In 1940 we are told to expect a regular service to Australia and back inside one week.

SPAIN—A STEP TOWARDS APPEASEMENT.

—The ground gained at the last plenary session of the Non-Intervention Committee is valuable ground. But there is some way still to go before the civil war in Spain becomes so in fact as in name and gets its first chance of a speedier end. The two governments in Spain have yet to accept, and thereafter the very elaborate procedure has to steer its course among shoals and rocks innumerable. But it is a step towards appeasement and gives real hope that the "feeling in the air" that Europe has widely taken a reaction against lunacy and self-destruction is indeed a presage of calmer weather ahead, a forecast of a long overdue anti-cyclone. It is sad, therefore, at such a juncture to receive a letter from a retired commander R.N. living at Singapore, slashing me for calling war "mass-lunacy," condemning me and "the wavering, incredibly blind British public" for being weathercock pacificists (*sic*) and telling us that we all "owe our material well-being to the mass-lunatics of 1914-18," among whom, according to this naval officer, he himself took the leading and the most honourable share in the fighting. And he assumes confidently, but on slender grounds, that anyone who to-day loathes war shirked his duty in 1914-18. *Non sequitur.*

MR. JUSTICE TALBOT.—

Sir George Talbot, who died on July 11, was a distinguished judge and man, and a man of the highest character and most rigid standards of conduct. His father was long M.P. for Oxford University, his mother was a Lyttelton. The two families were closely linked by marriages. George Talbot did brilliantly at Winchester and Christ Church and gained the coveted All Souls fellowship. He was called by the Inner Temple in 1887. He began to specialise in ecclesiastical law and gained a big practice before parliamentary committees, J.C.P.C., and House of Lords. He took silk in 1906. He was chancellor of several dioceses and the author of several legal text books. At the end of 1923 he was made a judge; late in life, for he was then past sixty. But it was a sound choice, for though little known to the public, his work at the bar was highly appreciated by the profession. Humanity and utter impartiality, strict relevance and great courtesy, a hatred of advertisement and *obiter dicta*, marked his conduct of civil and criminal trials. He loved his work and he had those hobbies—he was a sound field-naturalist—which made his leisure as his home near Edenbridge as great a delight to him. He was a High Churchman and in many ways a "die-hard." For throughout his life he himself maintained the strictest standards in social life and held no brief for the post-war revolution of youth or for the relaxation of the Victorian standards of discipline, convention and conduct.

AUTUMN IN THE AIR.—

It is sad to have all these timeous reminders of autumn before one has enjoyed one single day of real summer. Not once yet this year have I bathed or desired to bathe, sat out in the garden, had a meal (formal) out of doors (as I love to do), or found a fire after dinner unwelcome. Not once have I taken off the second blanket nor smelt the summer night scents (stock and tobacco plant). And already the fatal harbingers of autumn are come. The days are perceptibly drawing in. The sales are on; the "for the moors" tickets are in the beak of the stuffed grouse in Regent Street and Oxford Street. Leaves are falling brown in Berkeley Square; at Lord's one caught those fearful conversational scraps:—"McDougal says they've done well on the high ground"; "We'll meet you at Kingussie"; "They say the lodge is quite comfortable"; "Shall you bring a loader?" . . . What a year! An unsatisfactory summer in February. No rain from January till July, nothing but drought and mad gales. Then just when fine weather is needed for garden parties, fetes, Lord's, and so on, comes rain tantalisingly in driblets and arctic winds . . . High Winds—that is the latest characteristic of the English summer breaking the gardener's heart. Small wonder that Mr. Richard Hughes, breaking his long silence, issues from his old castle in South Wales his successor to *High Wind*—an effort to outdo Conrad's *Typhoon*—the first of the autumn spate of books. His gales, like ours, appear to have no satisfactory end.

ENDLESS TESTS.

—Before the fatal decision is made to allow play-a-finish Tests, let those in authority up-above and down-under, peruse. Let them paint the picture of possibility and probability. I have seen the players at the end of four days strenuous play and they bear the marks of what they have been through. So do spectators. Cricket was originally a recreation. To spend more than two days playing a single game is to make it with a vengeance a commercial proposition. Which indeed it is to-day. But would it prove financially more successful if indefinitely prolonged? Enthusiasm, whipped up by press and B.B.C. to fever-heat, already inclined to wane after three days. What after seven? Paint the picture. It is quite possible that a period of settled weather might reduce hours of play on the first days to an average of four. It might well be that an ended Test was still unfinished after six days. Would the players, the public, the county cricket authorities, endure the infliction and retain their enthusiasm for Test cricket? I am certain that if cast-iron wickets cannot be contrived a little more by natural causes, there is only one remedy for unfinished Test matches—and that is to revise the method of marking and give one

for a first-innings lead if the match be unfinished, and three points for a completed match win. Any lead after four strenuous days (like those at Trent or Lord's) deserves a point at least.

A PLAY BY MR. MORGAN.

—There are many reasons why Mr. Charles Morgan's first play with which Mr. Tearle is to begin management should hold chief interest among theatrical prospects. The play is by the author of *The Fountain*, which was and still is a world's best-seller. It is by a great artist in words and in character drawing. But, most of all, it is by the *Times* dramatic critic, and when a dramatic critic risks "showing how it ought to be done," he risks his own reputation and makes all other critics, all playwrights and most actors sit up and take notice. It is, indeed, a big decision and a dramatic event in every sense. Last winter, I had the privilege of hearing a resume of his play and plot from Mr. Morgan himself and he soon satisfied me that it had in it all the elements that make a play grip and hold. It was, by a coincidence, then to be called *The Island*, and Mr. Tearle was already interested in it. In a sense he has been rehearsing Mr. Morgan while playing Mr. Hodge. Mr. Morgan's play has in it some very tense situations, the conflicts of natures and loyalties, of sexes and opposed philosophies, and a good deal of scientific technicality skilfully dealt with within stage limitations.

By

THE OLD STAGER

LAND NATIONALISATION.

—Landowners, local authorities, business men, and indeed every tax and ratepayer are beginning to realise that methods of accountancy as now complicated and elaborated to cover the permutations and to prevent loopholes in the fabric of tax and rate collection and in the hundred schemes in force to collect contributions to various social service objects, have brought human life to what must be almost the limit of complication. The man in the street does not understand his income tax instructions, and, as a result, while some innocently cheat the State, many unwillingly cheat themselves. Even the professional staff of local authorities fail to understand the accountancy methods of State and local contributions to housing schemes—that is widely recognised. The ordinary householder is so oppressed by forms which the most simple actions necessitate that the employment of a garden boy or the decision to run up an outhouse involve him in hours of office work. The position of a landowner is to-day almost unendurable. To manage an estate of 2,000 acres gives full-time work to two trained men. Such an estate can very rarely in England to-day be run as a going concern. The housing requirements of the Ministries concerned continually grow more strict and achieve higher standards, and it is safe to say that no landowner not enjoying a considerable income derived from other sources than his land can satisfy those requirements. The percentage of cottages on privately owned estates which fall below the housing standards now in force is still preponderating. The health standard is based on height of ceilings and window space percentage, and to rationalise a sound cottage implies taking off the roof and gutting the interior. It is seldom accomplished under £300; while the building cost of new cottages continually rises owing to the deficiency of skilled men and other causes. That is only one instance of the present-day burdens placed on landowners and it is quite certain that, in the present plight of agriculture, not one estate in ten can "rationalise out of income." In a word, landownership is so definitely a luxury for the rich that the richest who own land realise that a time is at hand when the nationalisation of land on some basis or other must come in their time unless some means be found to put what is still this country's most vital industry on its feet again.

"NEWS AT TEN."

—Mr. Bernard Shaw's rude letter in the press, which appeared soon after the B.B.C. changed the hour of the National nine o'clock bulletin to ten o'clock, evoked a spate of letters which still continues. And it seems that by a huge majority the "Noes" have it. The evening B.B.C. bulletins are no doubt most used by the country dwellers. They are the rustic's evening paper. I am convinced that people would rather read than hear their news and will do so for a generation longer at least. There are thousands who use the radio for nothing else. The still unambitious methods of newspaper distributing agencies was and is the B.B.C.'s opportunity to gain adherents. Roughly speaking, an evening paper (worth the name) is beyond the ken of all country folk who live outside the suburbs of London and the big provincial cities, unless they are prepared to fetch it themselves from their station. It always surprises me that the big newspaper distributing firms cannot see their way to give better service to country dwellers. I live 2 miles from a main line station less than 50 miles from London, and a famous firm has its bookstalls there and at a more important station only 4 miles away. Yet it has no delivery at my radius and I am lucky if I get my daily papers by 10.15. Of course, there is no chance of an evening paper. So one falls back on the radio and one asks for "straight news." If there must be talks and eye-witness accounts let them come when the straight news is finished and one can turn the switch off. As for the ideal hour, it is mere selfishness to lay down the law. Nine o'clock happens to suit me. Ten o'clock does not.

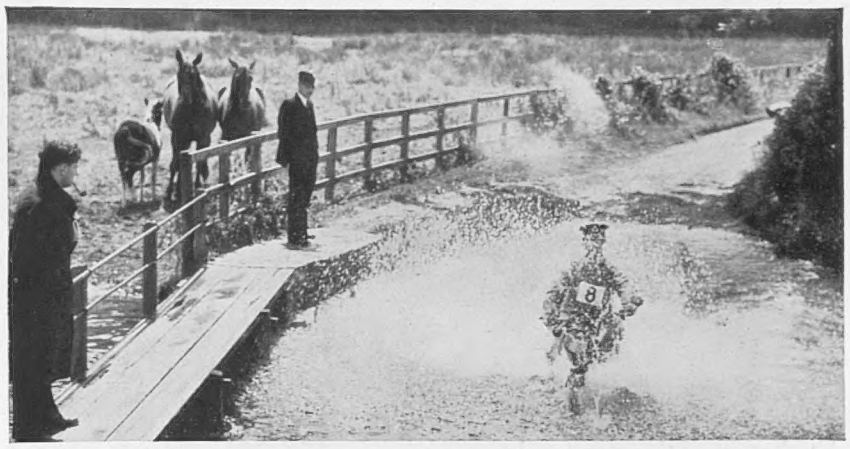
BUCKINGHAM PALACE LAWNS.

—I suppose it is "old-fashioned manners" but I still marvel every year at the increasing number of guests of the King and Queen who drag about garden chairs and stand on them to peep at their hosts and stare them out of countenance. No doubt when the squire gives his annual garden party at Slocum Parva he and his family are not so handsome and not so interesting to observe as the Royal Family and entourage, yet you would never find at Slocum Parva House the blatant ill-manners general among a large section of the "elect" at Buckingham Palace. But let me be fair. I cannot complain that manners are deteriorating. They did exactly the same thing, I remember, in the age of Privilege, when the circle of the elect was immensely smaller, to stare the Gunnings and the Misses O'Grady out of countenance in the very drawing-rooms of Mayfair houses . . . It was King's weather. At a quarter-to-four a shower drove the earliest arrivals back into the Palace ground-floor rooms on to the toes of those behind. But by ten minutes to four the shower had ended and the weather never threatened again. But the lawns of Buckingham Palace (which many years ago were sown with camomile instead of grass seed in error) had a patchy, Augusty look and could do now with rain.

SANDYS RUNNING OUT.

—Not a Member of Parliament but grew sick of Mr. Sandys and his hunted hare and of those who halloo-ed him on. As for the public, we never took the smallest interest in this hollow cry of, "Hands off the privilege of our representatives in Parliament." For decades we have gone not to Parliament but to the press if we have needed to get justice or to have our liberties upheld. There is no halo round "our member"—we see him without any halo, always an amateur, often an opportunist or careerist, frequently a time-server. We know very well that if Mr. Belisha were not unpopular with certain political sections and if Mr. Sandys were not backed by heavy and mischievous guns, we should never have heard of the case. We know, too, that Mr. Belisha is doing a difficult job and we are, in fact, arming under war conditions, at a time when confidential information is anxiously sought by enemy agents. The House of Commons is the last place in which to ventilate confidential information which reveals our weakness in guns of any calibre, however small, extracted by M.P.s of any calibre, however small. Let us hear no more of Mr. Sandys.

£493 BUYS A FAMED VICTORIAN CANVAS: Lord Leighton's "Cymon and Iphigenia," which was sold last week at Christie's to Mr. Nathan Mitchell who paid the above named sum as compared with the 2,250 guineas the same picture fetched in 1909. The sale provided yet another indication of the falling prices of Victorian art



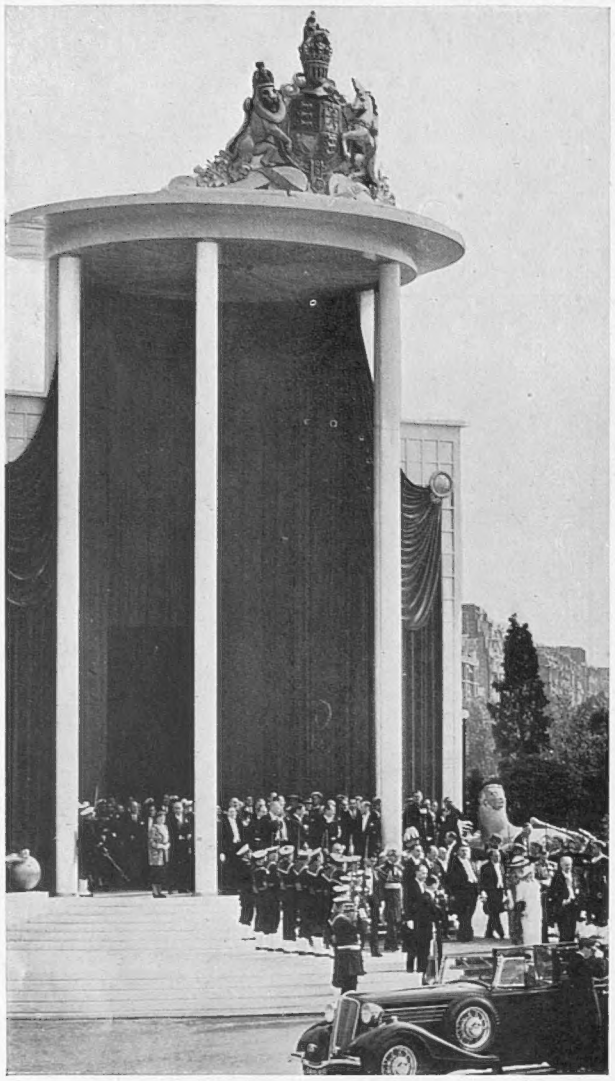
UP HILL AND DOWN DALE: A competitor making a big splash when driving through water during the London District Military Motor Cycle Trials held near Rickmansworth

KING'S PRIZE WINNER, 1938: Captain J. A. Barlow being kissed by his mother after his victory at Bisley where he won the chief contest of the meeting for the second time in his career—a rare distinction. Captain Barlow, who works at the Small Arms Experimental Establishment at Hythe, used a borrowed rifle

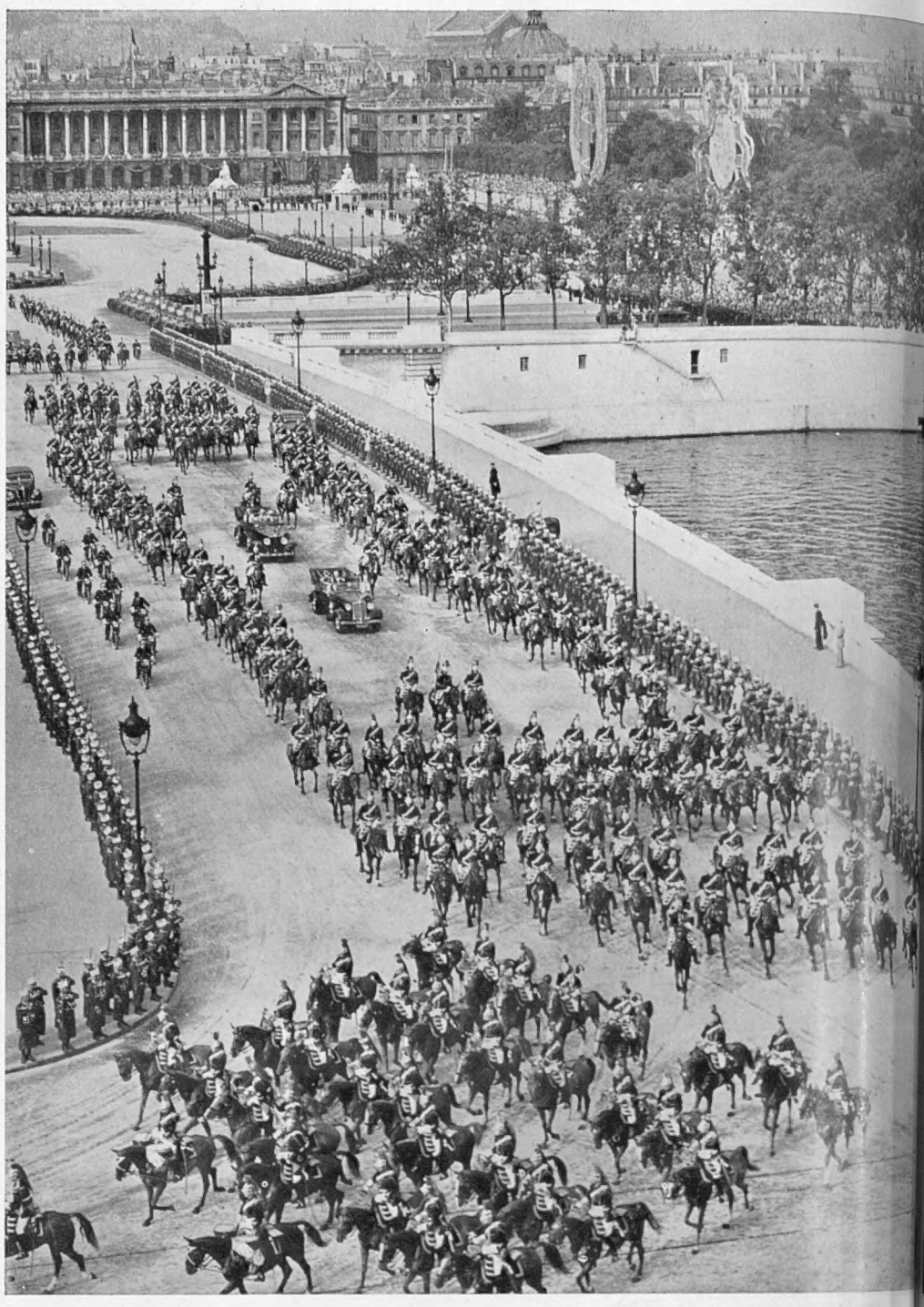
HERE TO TAKE SOUNDINGS: Herr Albert Foerster, Hitler's personal representative in Danzig, a city still under League control, pictured at Croydon as he was about to return home after his visit to London, in the course of which he questioned British politicians regarding their views on the Danzig question

THE FILM STAR DOUBLES, who have created such interest since their arrival from America, are seen here during an interval in rehearsal at the London Palladium for their show which was presented this week. Left to right, front row:—Virginia Rendel (Mae West), Carole Dietrich (Marlene Dietrich), and Earl Haddon (Bing Crosby). Second row:—Betty Dietrich (Greta Garbo) and Margaret Bryson (Loretta Young). Third row:—Ezelle Poule (Zasu Pitts) and Sylvia La Marr (Joan Crawford)

How Paris Greeted the King and Queen



PARIS HAS HER FIRST VISION OF THE ROYAL VISITORS: The dramatic moment as the King and Queen, escorted by the President of the Republic and Madame Lebrun, emerged from the tapestry-hung pavilion annexe of the Bois de Boulogne Station into full view of the vast crowd which gathered to acclaim their arrival in the French capital on Tuesday on their first visit abroad of the reign and the first visit to Paris by British Royalty for twenty-four years. A great shout of greeting went up, and then, after the National Anthems were played, the royal party entered the waiting cars

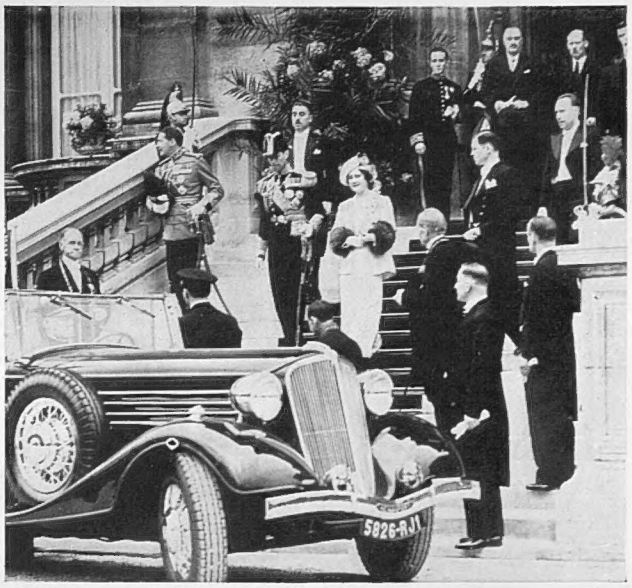


CROSSING THE PONT DE LA CONCORDE: The scene as the King and Queen, accompanied by President and Madame Lebrun, crossed the bridge over the Seine as they neared the Palais d'Orsay towards the end of their triumphal drive through the city on arrival in Paris. Two platoons of the Garde Republicaine were massed round the cars, riding in front, behind, and abreast of them, while colonial troops formed a guard of honour along the sidewalk. No members of the general public were permitted to stand on the bridge

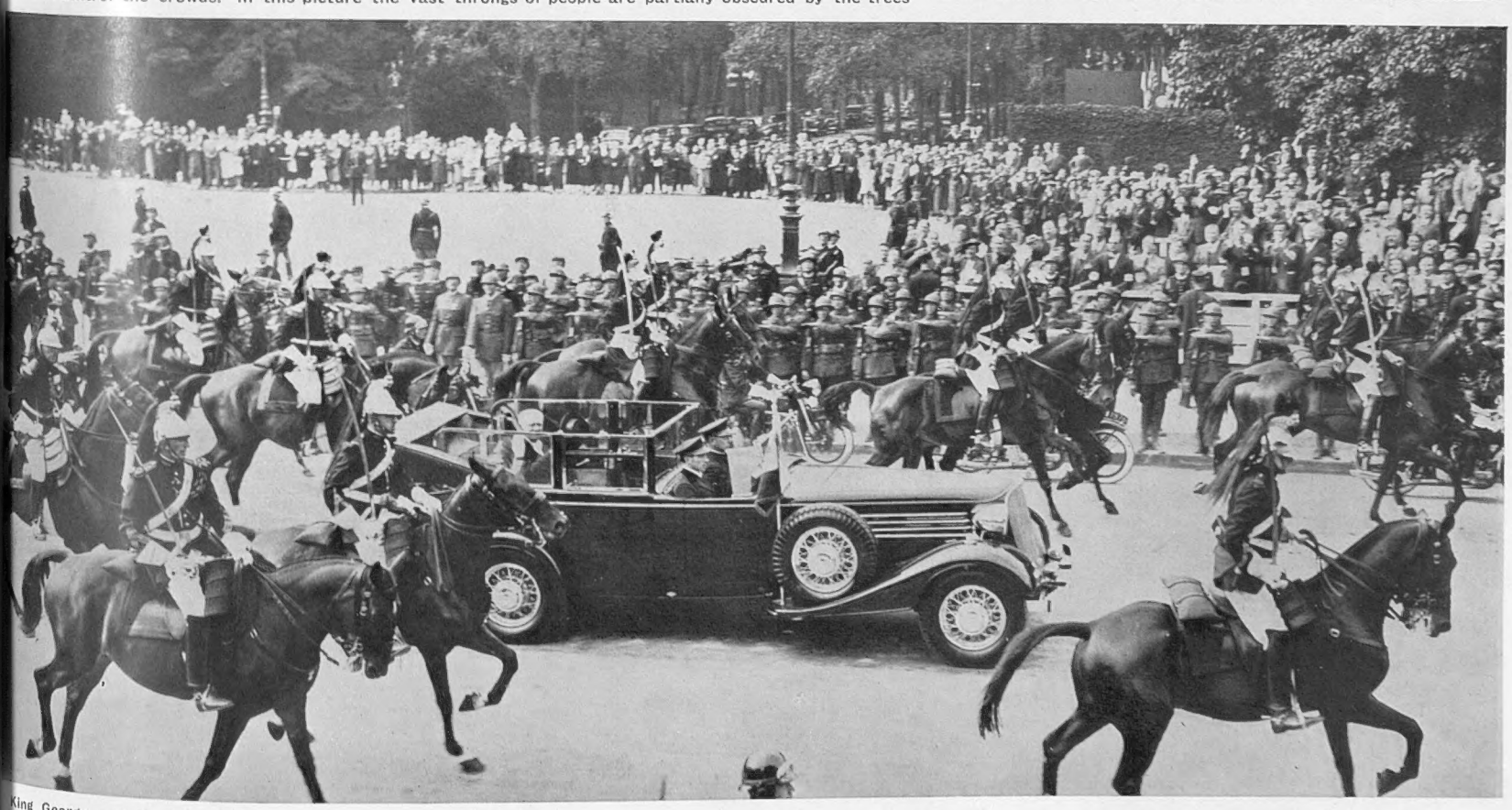
THE QUEEN AND FRANCE'S FIRST LADY

Queen Elizabeth and Madame Lebrun driving together through the streets en route from the Bois de Boulogne Station to the Palais d'Orsay. "Ah ça, c'est bien fait, comme elle est gracieuse," cried one onlooker as Her Majesty passed

DRIVING DOWN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES: An overhead view showing the Royal cars, with the escort of Garde Republicaine massed around them in close order, passing along the famous thoroughfare between the Arc de Triomphe and the Place de la Concorde when en route from the station to the Palais d'Orsay, where the King and Queen took up their quarters. Flying overhead was an airship which was used by the police to control the crowds. In this picture the vast throngs of people are partially obscured by the trees



THEIR FIRST OFFICIAL ACT: The King and Queen leaving their residence, the Palais d'Orsay, to drive to the Elysée to call on President Lebrun and bestow upon him the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. This visit took place within an hour of their arrival in Paris. *Below*—A glimpse of the welcoming crowd

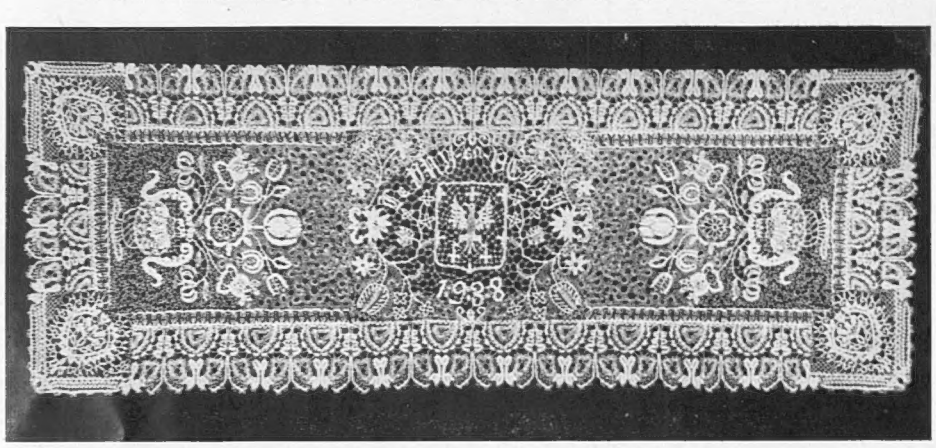


King George and M. Albert Lebrun driving from the station to the Palais d'Orsay, well guarded it will be noted. There was a continuous roar of cheering all the way along the four-mile route, which was lined by no fewer than 35,000 troops

THE KING AND THE PRESIDENT

PARIS: Preludes to the Royal Visit

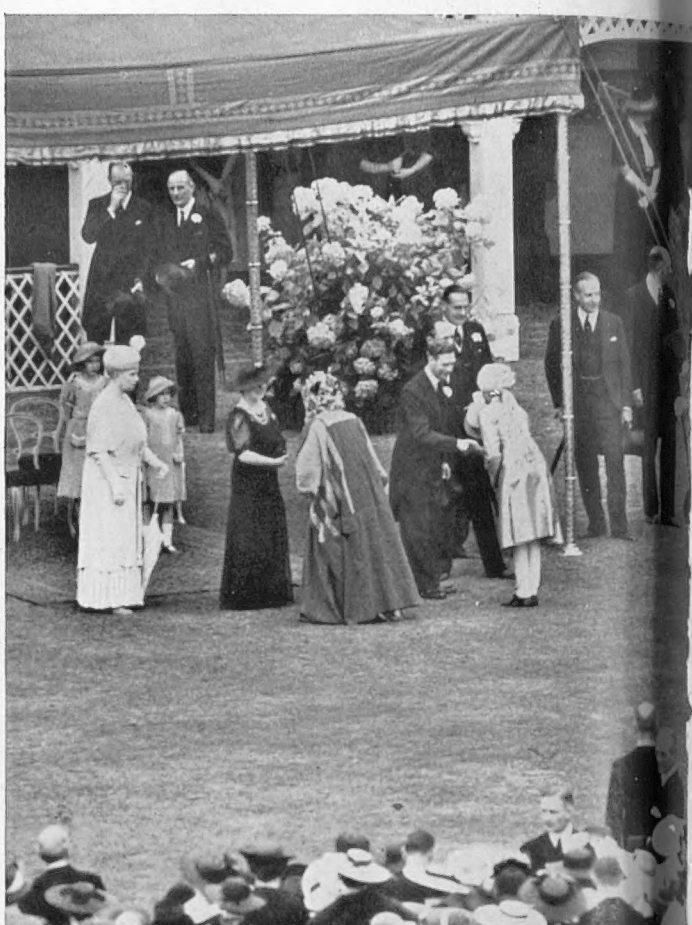
THE CLEVEREST DRESSMAKERS IN PARIS have designed the trousseaux for these two dolls, which Parisians flocked to see last week-end at the Marigny Theatre and which have since been presented by Madame Bonnet, wife of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, the gift being made on behalf of the children of France



A RICH GIFT FROM THE HAUTE-LOIRE: For a long while past the lace-workers of Puy, a town of much the same fame as England's Honiton, have been engaged in making this magnificent table-mat for Queen Elizabeth, and this week it was presented to Her Majesty during her stay in France. Unobtrusively incorporated in the design is an appropriate inscription

MAJOR-DOMO AT THE PALAIS D'ORSAY: Superbly uniformed M. Carrere who during this week has had charge of all the staff arrangements in the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where the King and Queen have been in residence on the State visit. An enormous sum of money has been spent on the building, and not only have the private rooms been completely renovated but many art treasures have been brought thither to give it an added dignity

LONDON: *The Palace Garden Par*



THE KING AND QUEEN RECEIVE: Their Majesties greeting overseas gue at last Monday's Royal garden party held on the lawns of Buckingha Palace on the eve of their departure for Paris. Many notabilities in eve walk of life attended this brilliant function, including members of t foreign diplomatic corps, members of the Government and the Opposit

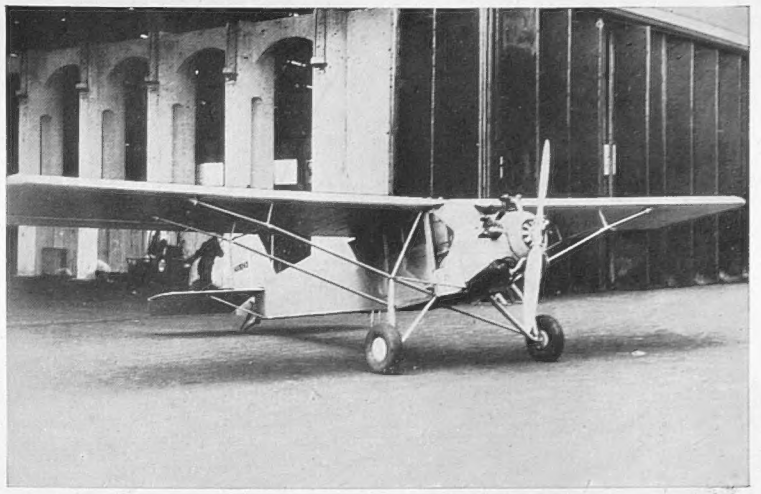
THE GUESTS ARRIVE: Visitors to the Royal garden party outside the gate Buckingham Palace before attending last Monday's function — one of big events of the summer season. Many noted how well the King looking and what a quick recovery he had made from the recent illness it was at first feared might cause a disruption in the Paris arrange

RUMANIA: The Passing of a Queen

THE BRITISH PRINCESS WHO BECAME A RUMANIAN QUEEN: *Left*—A portrait of the late Queen Marie of Rumania taken at the age of twenty, two years after her marriage to Prince Ferdinand and (*right*) an impression of her in later life when she still largely retained the striking good looks of her youth. Queen Marie's death took place last Monday at Sinaia, her son, King Carol, being with her at the end. She was a grand-daughter of Queen Victoria

IN THE GARDENS AT BRAN: A recent picture of the late Queen Marie of Rumania, showing her with Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell and Captain Richard Wyndham in the grounds of her medieval castle, which she laid out in accordance with her own ideas. Queen Marie will always be remembered as a woman of many gifts and graces. She excelled in all active pursuits, particularly as a horsewoman. As an artist she displayed a fine taste for painting and sculpture

DUBLIN: *Corrigan's Lone Atlantic Hop*



THE PLANE THAT DID IT: In this slightly ramshackle nine-year-old Curtiss-Robin single-seater, single-engined 165-h.p. monoplane, similar to the one in which Lindbergh made his Atlantic crossing in 1927, thirty-one-year-old Douglas Corrigan arrived at Baldonnel Airport, Dublin, last Monday afternoon, after completing a remarkable non-stop flight from New York in just over twenty-eight hours. Corrigan paid £65 for the plane five years ago

THE MAN AND THE MACHINE: American transport flyer Douglas Corrigan standing beside his ancient single-seater after landing at Baldonnel, near Dublin. On arrival Corrigan declared with a broad grin that he had meant to reach Los Angeles, but his compass played him false. He further stated that he flew above the clouds for the greater part of the flight

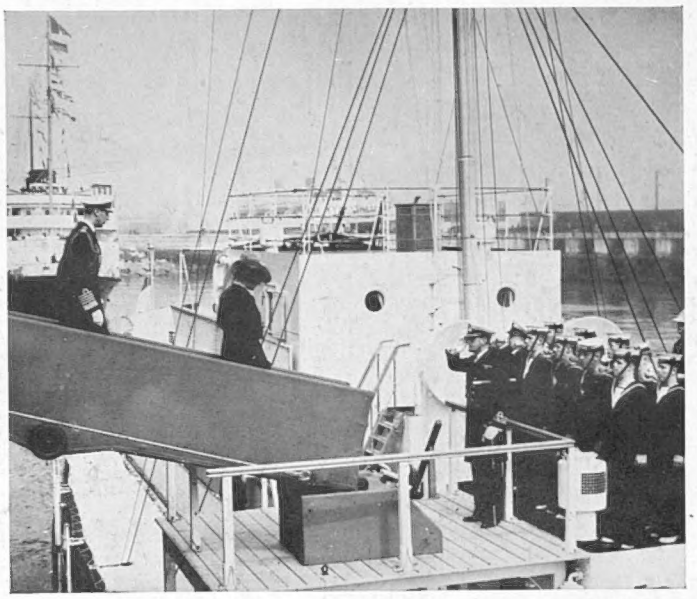
AFTER TWENTY-EIGHT SLEEPLESS HOURS the young American pilot, Douglas Corrigan (right), talks with Mr. McKeagh, secretary to the American Minister in Dublin. It was announced on Tuesday afternoon that the U.S. Department of Commerce had cancelled Mr. Corrigan's flying licence in order to prevent the attempt of a return flight

THE ROYAL JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO PARIS

Scenes of Enthusiasm as Their Majesties Left Victoria and Dover: The Aerial Escort in the Channel

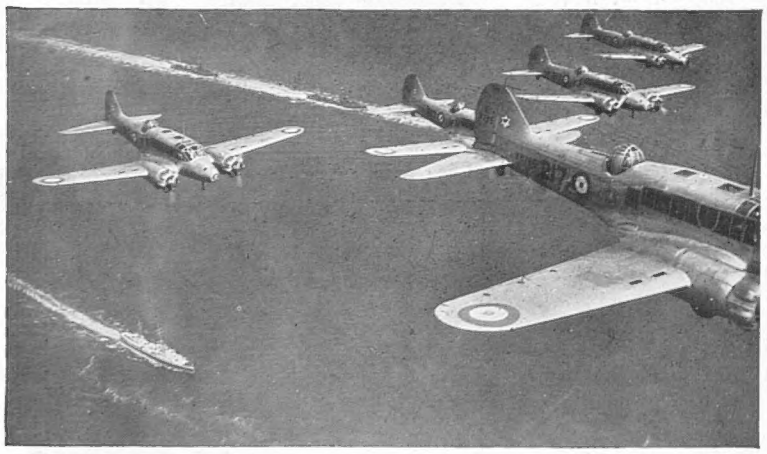
THE KING AND QUEEN LEAVE LONDON: *Left*—Crowds acclaiming Their Majesties as they arrived at Victoria Station on Tuesday morning before joining the Royal train. *Right*—Bidding good-bye to officials on the carpeted platform as they were about to enter the Royal Pullman which took them to Dover Marine Station. The Queen travelled in black, but changed into a white gown during the journey from Boulogne to Paris later in the day

THE ROYAL LUGGAGE: One of the King's trunks being handled at Victoria Station and (*below*) school children examining the baggage before it was sent on in advance of Their Majesties

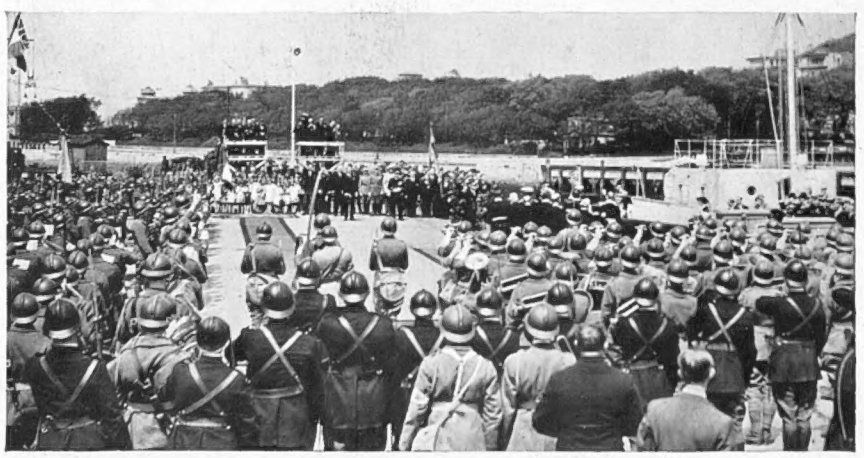


THEIR MAJESTIES AT DOVER: *Left*—The King and Queen at the Marine Station and (*right*) going aboard the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress*, which took them across the Channel on Tuesday afternoon. Large numbers watched their departure, but those who waited on the cliffs in the neighbourhood were doomed to disappointment, the fog making it impossible for them to gain a view of the yacht as she steamed out to sea. A short while later bright sunshine broke through

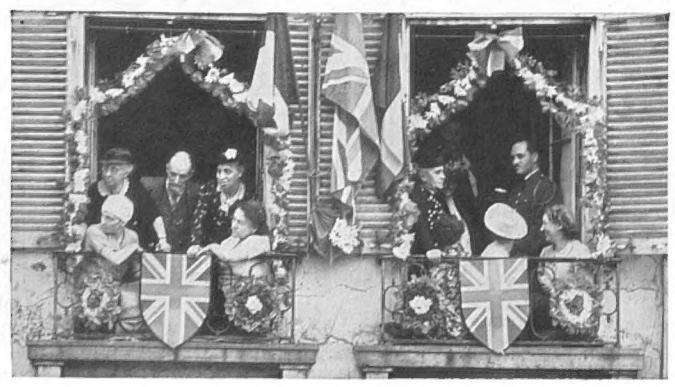
FAREWELL TO ALBION: The King, with the Queen standing beside him, saluting from the bridge of the Admiralty yacht, *Enchantress*, as the boat steamed out of Dover



THE AERIAL ESCORT: Some of the eighteen Anson machines from Bircham Newton which flew above the *Enchantress* as she ploughed her way swiftly towards the French shore. They made a most effective spectacle when, flying in perfect formation, they suddenly swooped gracefully down over the yacht and dipped in salute to the King; a manœuvre repeated in mid-Channel

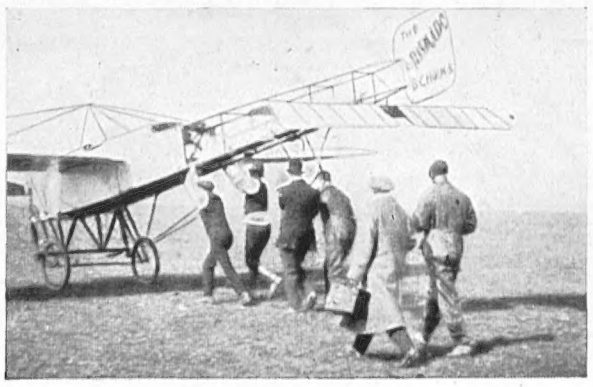


ARRIVAL AT BOULOGNE: The scene after the *Enchantress* had docked and the King and Queen were stepping on foreign soil for the first time in their reign. Their Majesties were greeted by M. Bonnet, French Foreign Minister, and Sir Eric Phipps, British Ambassador in Paris. After 20 minutes, during which introductions were made, they entrained for Paris. The King had donned full dress naval uniform on board *Enchantress*



On left—FROM MANY A WINDOW scenes such as this were witnessed during the Royal progress through Paris, bearing testimony to the intense enthusiasm the visit of the King and Queen has evoked

On right—MEMORIES OF THE LAST ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS are revived by this picture showing the Bleriot plane in which Mr. B. C. Hucks followed King George V across the Channel in April, 1914, the machine being chartered by "The Sphere," which obtained a really remarkable series of aerial views



THE BLACK WATCH ON GUARD IN JERUSALEM

KEEPING ORDER IN JERUSALEM: The Black Watch posted along the roadway just outside the Jaffa Gate under the restored old ramparts. Tarbushed Arabs are watching the troops

On right—More men of the Black Watch on guard at the Jerusalem terminus of the bus route to Bethlehem and Hebron. Several buses have been bombed at this point

"LIFE DANCES ON": The scene at Zion Corner, Jaffa Road, in the Jewish quarter of Jerusalem. A number of British police are standing in front of the big cinema which advertises *Life Dances On* and *Un Carnet de Bal*. The shops all have Jewish names and a board at the corner bears the sign in English "Ladies' Hairdressing Saloon." Though not as disturbed as Haifa, Jerusalem has witnessed a large number of bombings and shootings during the past fortnight. Between July 5 and 11 there were forty-eight deaths of violence throughout Palestine officially recorded, most of the victims being Arabs

b

THE PROBLEM of the MARRIED WOMAN

Work Control for Europe's Wives

A Survey by

FERDINAND TUOHY

THE OFFICE

REPRESENTING 40,000,000 women in thirty-seven countries, a conference assembles this month at Edinburgh with the object of launching new jobs for women, including hygiene, flying, the police, housing, hotel management, youth movements, and fresh inroads into politics and State service. Delegates will, further, defend women's position in the labour market generally, with accent on the liberal professions and public employ.

That "attack is often the best means of defence" comes to the mind when one reflects that in most of Europe the issue of "women gainfully employed" is leading to restrictions, prohibitions, handicapping, the conception that zeal and competence alone should count, regardless of sex, being ever more vigorously thrust aside in a far from perfect social order.

The International Labour Office at Geneva has a special section to protect the status of women in the employment field, but international organisations go further. These would expose unwritten as well as written laws directed against women: "customs surviving from very ancient days, together with the effects of prejudice and of the frequent assumption of male superiority, male domination, female inferiority, female subservience." Until this study of unwritten barriers is complete, it is felt that little headway can be made against the tendency, often the determination, of many countries to postpone and postpone the issue, giving incomplete data as the main excuse.

That the immense majority of women work from necessity is the view of Dr. Renee Girod, an expert of Geneva, who is up in arms against a condition under which women, in nearly all jobs, are paid less than men for work equally exacting or skilled. This crusader is especially concerned that working married women should be picked out for criticism and makes the point that the organisation of employment has been largely responsible for drawing wives into the market. For example, gainful work that used to be done unobtrusively in the home, such as dressmaking, now has to be publicly executed in the workrooms of firms that alone possess the requisite machinery and assistants.

My recent travel does, in effect, suggest that the married woman is first being eased out of the earning market, or that she is being subjected to what at the least must be termed "work control." Wives are having increasingly to justify their earnings, whereas the gay young thing, often working as a stop-gap prior to marriage, is not being incommoded to the same extent, even when her objective is flagrantly pin-money.

Propaganda against married women in paid employment has so increased in the British Isles that few women's conferences go without protests being framed. Women teachers and civil and municipal servants are especially aimed at, many having to retire on marriage, but the offensive is becoming general, a battle-cry of those in favour of the dismissal of married women, or at least their radical limitation, being that the birth-rate simply must be increased.

Vexed subject indeed. How many wives in many lands work for prestige, for company, for that extra money that "makes all the difference."

WOMEN TEACHERS OF THE L.C.C.: Tenure of Appointment After Marriage.

The Council decided that as from August 1, 1935, "marriage shall not be a bar to the continued employment of women teachers in non-residential positions.

"As regards assistant mistresses holding residential appointments in special schools, their retention in the service after marriage will be subject to their accepting employment elsewhere in a non-residential teaching capacity."

It was also announced at the same time that married teachers when expecting a baby must absent themselves from school for at least four weeks before the notified date, and must remain absent for not less than thirteen weeks after the arrival of the child, or, in the event of the child not living, for a period to be determined after consultation with the school medical officer, provided that such period be not less than four weeks. In all cases in which the child lives, an absence of seventeen weeks is compulsory. While the mother is absent, one of the large number of L.C.C. supernumerary teachers takes her place."

It will be seen from the above that the L.C.C. have made some useful regulations for eventualities regarding married women teachers

THE HOME

The three "authoritarian" Powers have a clearly defined—and opposing—conception.

Mussolini's paper has said "women should cease to work outside the home save where they are technically or abnormally required," and this applies most strongly to wives, who should conserve their energies for child-bearing. The employment of Italian women has fallen under Fascism to about 20 per cent. of the total occupied population, though the decline is mostly in heavy industry, from which they have been barred.

The Duce dangles before women every inducement he can afford so that they should retire from earning and found families; nor is there much doubt but that he is worshipped by the younger women, whether these have forfeited jobs under his regime or not (one has heard his success ascribed in part to sex-appeal and to ever-latent feminine love of the firm hand).

A married woman is actually favoured over an unmarried if each is listed as needing work. When citizens are card-indexed, remarkable checking and canalising of work, to suit the separate powers of the sexes, is possible. Multiple family earnings are an open book to Fascist local authority, which acts as it deems equity is best served—or as it chooses.

Although a woman lawyer, journalist, radio announcer, has appeared here and there, and secretarial jobs for trained girls are not discouraged, alone the decisive following of agriculture really remains as open as before to women, even married.

Germany has had to soft-pedal in her campaign to keep married women at home. Nazi policy had been to subsidise women on their giving up work upon marriage. Now such advances are made to brides without their being obliged to throw up their jobs. Hard economics, proving that young people cannot freely marry unless by uniting salaries, guided by the State's ardent desire for more babies, have caused the relaxing; also the discovery that young women are often at their usefulness peak just around when they get the marriage urge. Yet the true pointer, nationally, is given by pretty Frau Gerhardt, head of the German country people's organisation, who superintends the system of two years' apprenticeship for girls, each of whom lives in some small household and goes through every branch of work in the home or in the fields.

Greater Germany remains set against "double earners." Women civil servants are dismissed when their husbands are also on the State payroll, while no woman under thirty-five is so employed, the notion being that most women will have married by then. But unmarried girls also come in for severe checking. When their parents can manifestly support them they may not find jobs. How would English girls like that?

On paper, Soviet Russia goes to the other extreme. The new constitution gives women equal rights with men in every sphere, and 9,000,000 women, or 35 per cent. of all employed persons, are said to be currently earning. But nearly a third are in large-scale industry or down in the mines, while nearly all women have, theory apart, to work for far less than men, sweated labour being common. It is charged by enemies of the regime that this disparity of reward reaches such dimensions that a woman working in a stakhanovist group will receive only 180 roubles a month against 700 roubles paid to men for doing identical "shock" work. One thing is clear: in considering Russian women, their bodily vigour compared with that of many of their European sisters should be kept in mind.

In individualistic France, married women (who recently were granted new rights, such as being able to dispose of their own property without husbands intervening) can to all intents and purposes work when they wish to, and can come by the occasion, no matter what may exist in law to the contrary restraining them. Not less than forty-four women per hundred men are in work in the republic, 1,000,000 in industry. Wives can even continue in their jobs as State functionaries when their husbands are the same, which constitutes the supreme emancipation test.

The loose situation finds its corrective in Frenchwomen being such famous housewives—and in their being keen on it. Give the average Frenchwoman a home to look after, and she's satisfied.

Belgium has the strange proviso that husbands or a magistrate must sanction wives taking up employment (so has France, but not seriously). Before Van Zeeland rescued beehive little Belgium from slump, women were being drastically quota-d out of the labour market, or penalised, but most of this legislation has since been revoked. Yet the working wife remains a target, and it was here one learnt her severest critics are usually—other women. As instances, the employed single woman who imagines the dismissal of the married woman will bring promotion for herself; the

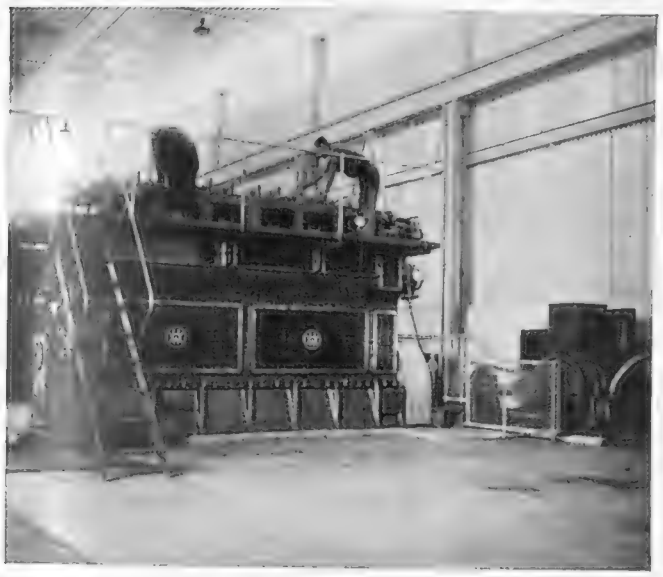
(Continued on page 134)

THE WOMAN'S PARTICULAR TASK

Oil Station H5:

One of the Iraq Petroleum Company's Pumping Stations Which Keep the Oil Circulating Through the Iraq Pipe-line

A TOWN IN MINIATURE: The stone buildings, surrounded by a stout steel fence which encloses the whole station. *On left*—Arab workers engaged in mixing concrete. In the background, mounted on high piles, is the tank which supplies the station with fresh water



MODERN COMFORTS: A corner of the engineers' quarters. *On left*—The engine-room of station H5 with its Diesel pumps. *On right*—The fortress-like nature of the buildings designed to resist attack

ROOFS WITH A DOUBLE PURPOSE: The station's situation in the Syrian desert makes it necessary to collect every drop of rain-water, and the roofs of the buildings are so constructed as to drain off the rain-water through pipes to storage tanks. The great fresh-water tank in the background, however, is supplied with water obtained through borings 1,000 ft. deep

THE BOSS: Mr. W. Duff, master of the Iraq Petroleum Company's Oil Station H5, an energetic pioneer, who has lived for years in the East and has great experience of the land and its people. He has under him about 500 persons, including 12 British engineers

THE ZARA ENCLAVE:

STREET ORDERLINESS: One of the modern refuse vans which keep the streets of Zara scrupulously clean. Owing to the extreme narrowness of some of the streets, the electric light cables and telephone wires are supported by horizontal girders built into the houses

RELIC OF THE ROMAN DOMINATION: One of the remaining Roman statues to be found in Zara, recalling the fact that town rights were granted to it by Augustus, first Emperor of Rome

MAIN STREET: An overhead view Zara flanked by houses built in tecture. Like Venice, traffic

PROMINENT LITTLE CITIZENS: Garapnin of Zara, pupils of father took part in the Fi to emigrate. *Below*

BEARER OF A FAMOUS NAME: Francesco Drioli, youngest member of the Drioli family, demonstrating how his ancestor, the eighteenth-century original manufacturer, made Maraschino from the Marasca wild cherry, fruit and leaves

SIROCCO WEATHER: A view from Zara breakwater on the Zara Canal. The sea is usually calm but a strong southerly wind was blowing when this picture was taken. The hills of Yugoslavia can be seen in the background

A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY RELIQUARY: The remarkable Arca of St. Simeone, in the church of St. Simeone at Zara. It was fashioned in 1377 by Francesco da Sesto to contain the bones of the saint

A Little Piece of Italy Embedded in Yugoslavia

one of the principal streets in typically Venetian style of architecture. Problems seem to be non-existent

two little Countesses Fanfogna-Demetrio School for Girls. Their revolution at Tregir and was forced exterior view of the school

NATIVE BEAUTY: For several centuries Zara has been purely Italian, as is evidenced by this representative of a well-connected Zara family

JUST across the Adriatic from Ancona, about midway between Susak and Split, lies Zara, Italy's foothold in Dalmatia. Throughout the centuries, first Venice, and later Italy, have sought to assure themselves of the opposite coast of the Adriatic, termed "Our Sea" by Italy. Under the Treaty of London (1915) Italy received promises regarding territory in Northern Dalmatia. Zara, tiny enclave of a few square miles, is the result. It is entirely surrounded by Yugoslav territory, and its only connection with Italy is by sea.

Zara itself is entirely Italian. It was granted town rights by the Emperor Augustus. Later it came under Venetian and Hungarian rule. For some years it was even an independent state. The Turks, although close by, never succeeded in taking it. In 1813 Austro-British troops delivered it from Napoleonic rule and it remained Hungarian until 1918.

Zara has 25,000 inhabitants, a large garrison and a beautiful situation. As the town is cut off from the country surrounding it, Italy made it a free port and as such it has become an important centre of tobacco industry. The original liqueur industry of Zara has greatly increased. Modern buildings and thriving activity in summer make Zara an important centre, although it is much quieter than in Austro-Hungarian times.

Zara has many connections with Great Britain. During the Napoleonic wars a number of near-by islands were under British rule, and it is probably due to the governors of these islands that Zara's famous native product, Maraschino, became so well known in Europe. Sir Frederick Lamb, British Ambassador in Munich and later in Vienna, is still considered in Zara as one of Maraschino's greatest propagandists. The original maker, Francesco Drioli, and his family were purveyors to the London court. And it is no doubt due to this fact that King George V, then Duke of York, visited the Drioli works in September, 1887, during the visit of the British naval squadron under the Duke of Edinburgh. At the time two teams from the British ships introduced football into Zara.

An elementary school in Zara is now called after the former Professor for Italian at London and Oxford Universities, Antonio Cippico, who was a native of the town. San Demetrio, famous girls' school in the enclave, is largely responsible for the continuance of Italian in the difficult pre-war period. This school has a romantic history. It was founded from money held in trust by the state, being the fortune of a former nunnery which had been claimed by the sole surviving nun early in the nineteenth century. She did not get the money and a hundred years later it was used to build and endow San Demetrio.

A. A. Gulliland

MODERN EDUCATIONAL METHODS: A class of little girls in the main elementary school in Zara, named after the former professor of Italian language and literature at London and Oxford Universities, Senator Antonio Cippico, himself a native of the town

IN UP-TO-DATE STYLE: The Antonio Cippico Elementary School is typical of modern Italian architecture

THE "HOUSE OF FASCIST HOSPITALITY": For Italians from Asia Minor. *On left*—Private homes of officials. *Below*—Some of the 3,000 soldiers garrisoned in Zara entering a local theatre

PROBLEM OF THE MARRIED WOMAN

THE LONE WORKER

(Continued from page 130)

unemployed single woman, jealous alike of the married woman's job and of her husband; the wife of an unemployed man who sees in the married woman worker one who is keeping her bread-winner out of work; the single woman who sees in her someone blocking the promotion of her fiancé; the dependant type of woman who fears that recognition of a married woman's right to earn may one day lead to her work being regarded as a *duty*.

Rather special to Belgium is a concerted effort to place women in unexacting jobs held by men, such as museum keepers or ushers in Ministries.

Holland proposes to forbid women from carrying on paid work in the service of what is called "an undertaking," wide term affecting at first at least 6,000 posts. Only proven bread-winners are exempt, wives whose husbands earn less than 15 dollars a week and wives who work in their husbands' shops. Married women will be allowed to continue in their professions if these are exercised independently, but women attached to institutions at fixed salaries will have to give up their posts. Reason for the Bill is given as: "Not to aid unemployment but to protect the family from the desertion of the wife who neglects her duty by working outside the home." There is great opposition, led by Miss Rosa Manus, in the past decorated by Queen Wilhelmina for her work in securing the franchise for her sex.

Portugal is being quite stern and masculine. On physical, moral or economic grounds, women can be excluded from most earning, even from such gentle pursuits as hat-making, typing, and hotel service. A Franco Spain would probably follow suit, and thus another country where women were attaining a comprehensive liberty to earn, should come to be marked "Women need not apply for jobs here."

Turning to Scandinavia, we find the expected enlightened view, though not without the three northern countries having thoroughly tested matters, even to the extent of indulging anti-married women measures. An exhaustive inquiry has led Sweden to conclude that to restrict married women from working is to encourage further decline in the birth-rate, and Sweden's rate has been steadily and alarmingly going down in the past twenty years. Denmark has 20,000 working wives of a total of 37,000 working women.

The chief thing about Denmark is that the homemaking contribution to the national life is recognised in law and appropriately rewarded. Benefits are made to accrue to each housewife in her home, and there is evidence that this commonsensical treatment is gaining attention beyond Danish frontiers. Norway, after suppressing much wives' work, has just completed a somersault by sanctioning the employment of married women in all State jobs, and even as ministers of religion. Greece prohibits wives working for the State, for local authorities, or for companies with 1,000,000 drachmae capital. War widows and the unmarried are eligible.

Eire can at any time implement legislation prohibiting or quota-ing women in industrial work.

Hungary goes far to incapacitate married women from landing gainful employment.

Poland, Rumania, Lithuania dismiss married women from the State services. But little Latvia is much of a woman's paradise, as cheapest country in Europe for staple domestic necessities, and as the possessor of the only Economic Parliament or Council of its kind, chairman-d by a Mrs. Ed. Mrs. Tipin is the guardian angel where women's work is concerned, and she is due at Edinburgh to tell about things.

The national Czech firm of Bata dispenses with all women on marriage, but the country as a whole does not follow this drastic lead. Civil servant "double earnings" are not tolerated, while, as in other parts of Central Europe, married women on night duty, during pregnancy, or at unsuitable or dangerous occupations, are ruled out. Austria used to be free and easy but has now of course to conform to Hitlerian conceptions as to what women should and should not be permitted to do. Another country lost to female earning emancipation.

Swiss cantons vary in their treatment. At Basle, a married woman who elects to work loses her high cost of living bonus. At Berne, if husbands earn sufficient, their wives are dismissed from their jobs. At Lausanne, a civil servant has to retire, or his wife must do so, if both are earners.

To round things out, here is an expert (Genevan) peep into the future:—

"When working hours have been reduced even below what is at present contemplated, as a result of further technical progress, there will probably be a considerable increase in the employment of married women outside the home, because they will be able to combine it with their household work without the danger of being overworked. In addition, the husband too will be able to devote a larger portion of his increased spare time to household duties, which will themselves be progressively lightened by the improved equipment of the newer houses."

THE LIABILITY

TWO NOTABLE WEDDINGS

Which Attracted Great Attention on the Same Day at Brompton Oratory

THE PEARL-DECKED BRIDE: Miss Jeanne Stourton and the Hon. Sherman Stonor leaving Brompton Oratory after their wedding on Thursday of last week. Thousands of pearls were used in the embroidery of the bridal gown. A closer view of the happy bride is seen in the picture on the left below

LIZANA'S LOVE SET: Senorita Anita Lizana, the Chilean lawn tennis player, and Mr. Ronald Angus Taylor Ellis were also wed at the Oratory

THE SPANISH TOUCH: The bridesmaids who attended Senorita Lizana with their Spanish head-dresses and be-ribboned Victorian posies

FROM TWO CONTINENTS

Pictorial News from Germany, France and America

LIGHTS OF LABOUR: The Washington, D.C., naval gun factory brilliantly lit as its workers toil through the night to keep pace with the U.S. naval expansion programme's demand for bigger and better guns

GERMAN ART DAY IN MUNICH: Two of the symbolic cars in a five-mile-long procession representing 2,000 years of German culture, reviewed by Herr Hitler, who spoke on art matters

ECHO OF THE CIVIL WAR: Colonel Vance, an aged Confederate veteran, greeting President Roosevelt as he arrived at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to dedicate the Eternal Light Peace Memorial, climax of the celebrations marking the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg. *Below* are two ancient members of the Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry meeting again after seventy-five years

MEN OF THE-AIR ON TERRA FIRMA: French air force men carrying rifles and bayonets marching on to the aerodrome at Villacoublay during the annual air fete held there recently. It will be noted that they are marching in order of threes, a formation now being experimented with by the British army authorities

ALL EARS FOR THE PRESIDENT: Five black donkeys which paraded before M. Lebrun, the French President, when he visited an animal show at Porte de Versailles, Paris. *On right*—"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD": A young lady pictured during the height of the July 4 celebrations in New York, suitably attired for the sweltering heat and away from the still real dangers of explosive fireworks

A LAST PARADE AT SPIKE ISLAND

Mr. De Valera inspecting British troops when he arrived on July 11 to take over the transferred forts

GOOD-BYE TO THE UNION JACK

Britain's gesture of agreement

EIRE'S GREEN, WHITE AND YELLOW

Eire acknowledges the new arrangement

MR. DE VALERA TAKES OVER

In company with Irish officers at Spike Island on July 11

SOUNDING THE LAST CALL

When troops marched out of Fort Westmoreland

THE IRISH FLAG FLIES OVER FAMOUS BRITISH FORTS

THE OFFICIAL AGREEMENT

Coast Defence Stations to be Transferred to Eire

Under Articles 6 and 7 of the Anglo-Irish Treaty of December 6, 1921, the defence by sea of Great Britain and Ireland was to be undertaken by the Imperial Forces until an arrangement had been made by which the Free State undertook her own coastal defences, and the Government of the Free State agreed to give the necessary harbour facilities to the Navy. These provisions now cease to have effect, and the United Kingdom Government will transfer to the Government of Eire the Admiralty property and rights at Berehaven and the harbour defences at Berehaven, Cobh, and Lough Swilly. The transfer will take place not later than December 31 next

(From an Irish Correspondent)

AS one entered from the sea through a narrow channel the great natural harbour of Cork, one saw, until a few days ago, on either side towering forts flying the Union Jack. On the east is Fort Carlisle and on the west Fort Camden, whilst further west is the most modern of the three, Fort Templebreedy. Facing them across the wide waters of the harbour is the low silhouette of Spike Island, formerly a convict prison, now an artillery station and formerly headquarters of the south coast of Ireland defences of His Britannic Majesty. It is these fortifications which, under the terms of the recent Anglo-Irish Agreement, were evacuated on July 11 by British troops and handed over to the Irish army.

These forts, with others at Berehaven and Lough Swilly, have been held since 1922 under the terms of the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921. That treaty also provided that the Irish Government should in time of war or strained relations with a foreign power afford to the Imperial forces such harbour *and other facilities* as the British Government might require for defence purposes.

These rights, which are obviously more important than the fortifications themselves, have also been abrogated. The defence of Ireland is now, therefore, solely the business of the Irish Government. Mr. De Valera has since 1919, when he first outlined his policy of "external association" with Great Britain, which he has at last consummated, consistently proclaimed that a free Ireland would not permit its shores to be used by the enemies of Great Britain, and these pledges he has recently renewed in the most emphatic manner during the debates in the Dail on the Anglo-Irish Agreement. Moreover, he has undertaken that the harbour fortifications which are now being taken over will be maintained properly, and if necessary, improved.

As Mr. MacGilligan, T.D., wittily put it during the Dail debate, harbour forts of this kind without a navy are like a needle without a thread. Their importance lies in the fact that a navy using their shelter would be in a position to dominate the western and north-western approaches to Great Britain and would also be remote from air attack. But it is also clear that any responsible Irish Government, for economic and other reasons, must permit the British navy and air force to use these bases in the event of a major European war in which Great Britain was involved. No other course is really possible. It is therefore far better both for Ireland and England that their land defence should be in the hands of Irish soldiers responsible only to an Irish Government.

During the great war Cork harbour was one of the principal bases used in the anti-submarine campaign and the largest number of ships were sunk off the Irish coast. A large force of British and American destroyers, under the command of the late Admiral Lewis Bayly, was stationed at Cork harbour during the concluding stages of the war, and there also the famous "Q" ships found a refuge from their perilous labours. It can hardly be doubted that in the event of war with a naval power these harbours would again have to be used for the same purposes if British communications were threatened. In this connection it is well to remember that Germany has more submarines now than she had at the commencement of the great war.

The British garrison consisted of some 1,200 men at Cork harbour and Berehaven and some hundreds more at Lough Swilly in Donegal. Life in these outposts of Britain is not very exciting. A good picture of its comedy and tragedy is to be

(Continued on page 152)

"LE BEAU DANUBE"

A Dance Comedy of the year 1860 in the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo Season at Theatre Royal, Drury Lane

Drawn for "The Sphere" by Hookway Cowles

The ballet opens in a public garden filled with people dressed in their best—little modistes—work-people—young men and maids, all in fete day spirit. Itinerant actors give a performance, during which a young hussar enters and meets a charming girl. One of the strolling players, Alexandra Danilova, a dancer, recognises in the hussar, Leonide Massine, her former lover. A violent quarrel ensues between the street-dancer and the young girl, the latter, whose sentiments towards the hussar are sincere, faints and is taken away by her parents. In the deserted garden, the hussar drifts back to his old flame and a love scene between them is interrupted by the young girl, who, leaving her house, surprises the lovers. The two girls start the quarrel afresh, until finally the street-dancer makes her escape. The hussar, touched by the girl's genuine love for him, returns to her. After discovering that she has disappeared, the parents go in search of her. When they find her with the hussar, and learn of their love, they give their blessing to the young couple. The scenic setting, with its big equipage, is after Constantin Guys

REMBRANDT: The "Man in a Round Cap." Was presented to the Boymans Museum last year

FEDERICO BAROCCIO: "Head of Christ." Lent to the exhibition by Professor Dr. J. Q. van Regteren Altena

RUBENS: "Portrait of Suzanne Fourment." A much travelled picture. Lent to the exhibition by F. Koenigs, Haarlem

DUTCH collectors of "Old Masters" are celebrating the Queen of Holland's jubilee by exhibiting the best of their pictures and drawings acquired in the past forty years. The exhibition, arranged by Dr. Hannema, occupies twenty-one rooms in the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam, and is in many ways a most remarkable display. In the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries the Dutch sold hundreds of their national pictures to dealers and collectors abroad. But recently, and most notably since the war, they have made successful efforts to buy back as many as they can. Various societies have also been formed — like our National Art Collections Fund — to secure works for the Dutch museums; and thus the newly identified picture by Vermeer, "Christ at Emmaus," which I discussed in these columns some months ago, and which is given a place of honour in this exhibition, was secured for the Boymans Museum by the Rembrandt Vereeniging, Dr. Bredius and an anonymous Dutch donor.

EL GRECO: "St. James." Formerly owned by the French painter, Rouart, friend of Degas and collector of his pictures. It was in the El Greco Exhibition in Paris. Presumed to be one of a series of saints. Owner: Heirs of the Del Monte collection, Brussels

To begin with, of course, the Dutch collectors have cast longing eyes at all paintings and drawings by Rembrandt that have come into the market in recent years; and they have recaptured among other things the three celebrated paintings, the "Man in a Round Cap," the "Portrait of Martin Looten," and "Joseph relating his Dreams" which are seen with some twenty-five Rembrandt drawings in this show. The "Man in a Round Cap" which is now presumed to represent Harmen Becker, one of Rembrandt's creditors in his bankruptcy, has been known at various times as "The Accountant," "An Evangelist Writing," and "St. Luke"; painted in thick pigment, applied in parts with a palette knife, it is characteristic of his last period, and dates in fact from about 1666, when he was sixty; in the eighteenth century it belonged to Sir Joshua Reynolds and it was then engraved by W. Humphry; in the Reynolds sale of 1795 it was bought for £52 10s. by F. Hardman, of Manchester, who sold it for £73 10s. some forty years later; at the end of the nineteenth century it was sold to P. C. Handford of Chicago; and the New York dealer E. Fischhof, Mr. C. M. Schwab, Lord Duveen, and the Dutch dealer, D. Katz, have been subsequent owners; finally it was acquired by the Rembrandt Vereeniging and a hundred other subscribers and presented to the Boymans Museum last year. The "Portrait of Martin Looten" dates from 1632 when Rembrandt was twenty-six and still painting smooth portraits that his sitters liked; it belonged to Cardinal Fesch in Rome in the middle of the nineteenth century, and in recent times it was in the famous Holford collection; it was sold in the Holford sale in 1928 for £28,600 to Mr. A. W. M. Mensing, of Amsterdam, who lent it to the London Dutch Exhibition in 1929, and whose heirs have now lent it to this Boymans show. "Joseph relating his Dreams" is the splendid composition in grisaille from which Rembrandt made his etching of the subject; this belongs to Mr. A. W. Volz, of The Hague, who lent it to the London Dutch Exhibition in 1929, previous owners having been W. Six, who sold it in Amsterdam with two other grisailles for 30 florins in 1734, the Prince de Carignan, who sold it for 1,101 francs in 1742, and the Duc de Tallard, who sold it for 329 francs in 1756. The Rembrandt drawings in the exhibition, mostly lent by Mr. F. Koenigs, include two very famous ones which were at one time in Sir Thomas Lawrence's collection, "Saskia at the Window," and "Lion Couchant."

Other Dutch painters represented in this show include Frans Hals, Thomas de Keyser, Verspronk and Bol among the portraitists, Brouwer, Van Ostade, and Jan Steen among

DÜRER: "Head of a Woman." Black chalk drawing. Presumed to be a Tyrolean peasant. Owner: F. Koenigs, of Haarlem

GERARD TERBORCH

"A Woman Drinking." This fine picture by the painter of the Haarlem school was at one time in the Hermitage, St. Petersburg

DUTCH COLLECTORS OF OLD MASTERS

Exhibit their Rare Possessions at a Queen Wilhelmina Jubilee Exhibition Now Being Held at the Boymans Museum, Rotterdam

low life genre painters; Terborch and de Hooch among the genre painters of bourgeois interiors; Van Goyen, S. and J. Ruysdael, Hobbema, Van der Cappelle, Van de Velde and Seghers among the landscapists; Wouverman, Isaac van Ostade, Cuyp, Paul Potter, Siberechts and Avercamp among the painters of outdoor subjects with animals and figures; and Kalff and van Beyeren among the painters of still life.

Terborch's "The Letter," now owned by Mrs. C. Van Pannwitz, of Heemstede, is an especially attractive picture showing Terborch's favourite model; English collectors —Robert. Hamilton, Richard Winstanley and C. H. T. Hawkins—owned it successively for the greater part of the nineteenth century. De Hooch's "Courtyard with a Man and Woman" now owned by Mr. H. E. Fen, late of Amsterdam, was also in England all through the nineteenth century, being owned successively by Lord Overstone, Lady Wantage and Lord Crawford, the last of whom lent

FRENCH SCHOOL: "A Monk Praying." A drawing; pen and water-colour; presumed to be French school of the fifteenth century. Perhaps by a follower of Jean Fouquet. Exhibited Paris Chefs d'œuvre del art Francais Exhibition, 1937. Owner: F. Koenigs, of Haarlem

ADRIAEN BROUWER: "Comrades." Painter of the "Sleeping Boor" in the Wallace collection, London. Owner: J. C. H. Heldring

it (titled "Courtyard of an Inn at Delft") to the London Dutch Exhibition in 1929. It is a replica of a picture with three figures now in the Mellon collection, Washington, and it originally had the third figure (a second man at the table) which has been painted out.

Recent Dutch collectors have not confined themselves to works by native artists; for they have also bought paintings and drawings by Rubens and the earlier Flemish artists and works by or ascribed to Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Germans. Thus Mr. C. de Bruijn, of Spiez, now owns Ysenbrandt's

THOMAS DE KEYSER: "Young Woman in a Room." The artist (1596-1667) specialised in small portraits. Painter of "Constantin Huygens and his Clerk" in the National Gallery. Note that the lady has a sumptuous dress and sits in a sumptuous room, but has to have a foot-warmer under her foot as the inlaid floor is devoid of carpeting. Picture formerly belonged to Rodolphe Kann (Paris), who bequeathed the companion piece, the lady's husband, to the Louvre. Owner: A. Hartog Wassenaar

"Virgin and Child," formerly in Lord Northbrook's collection, and Mr. D. G. van Beuningen, of Rotterdam, has works ascribed by Dr. Friedlander to Memling and Quentin Massys; pictures ascribed to Lorenzo Monaco, Gozzoli, Botticelli, Tiepolo, Guardi, El Greco and Goya are lent by various owners; and the French artists represented include Watteau, Chardin, Pater, Lancret, and Boucher.

The Dutch collectors are equally international in their choice of drawings; for Mr. F. Koenigs and others exhibit drawings by or ascribed to Rubens, Watteau, Fragonard, Tintoretto, Tiepolo, and Dürer—the last represented by a "Portrait of a Woman" which students of modern art will find it interesting to compare with Augustus John's "Smiling Woman" in the Tate.

R. H. Wilenski

PIETER DE HOOCH

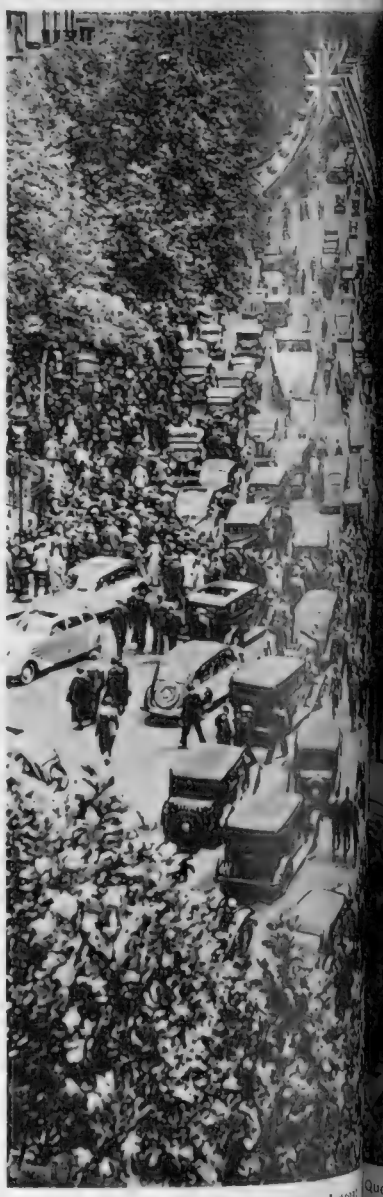
"In a Courtyard at Delft." Lent by Mr. H. E. Fen. The picture was in England throughout the nineteenth century

GEORG FLEGEL

"Still Life with Snails." Lent to the exhibition by J. Polak, Amersfoort. Signed with the initials G. F.

TWENTY-FOUR ABREAST: French troops swinging down the Champs Elysées during the annual parade held on Bastille Day (July 14) when all France was en fete and the occasion, this time, formed a prologue to the visit of the King and Queen. Paris has never looked gayer and the street decorations, some of which can be seen in the background of this picture, have been reminiscent of London at Coronation time. Everywhere the Tricolour and the Union Jack have been seen flying side by side

MARCH OF THE CHASSEURS ALPINS: A detachment of French infantry, with rifles at the slope and crooked mountaineering sticks protruding from their knapsacks, seen in the Champs Elysées in the July 14 parade which this year really amounted to a dress rehearsal for the military review held in the King's presence at Versailles on July 21. The Chasseurs Alpins always attract much attention. The unit which followed that depicted here had skis at the slope and rifles slung. Also on parade were the ever-picturesque Spahis of Morocco and Algeria on their little but agile white horses



INSPECTING THE DECORATIONS: A great throng in one of the boulevards last Sunday when seemingly all Paris spent the day admiring the decorative scheme arranged in honour of the King and

UNION JACK and TRICOLOUR FLY SIDE BY SIDE on BASTILLE DAY

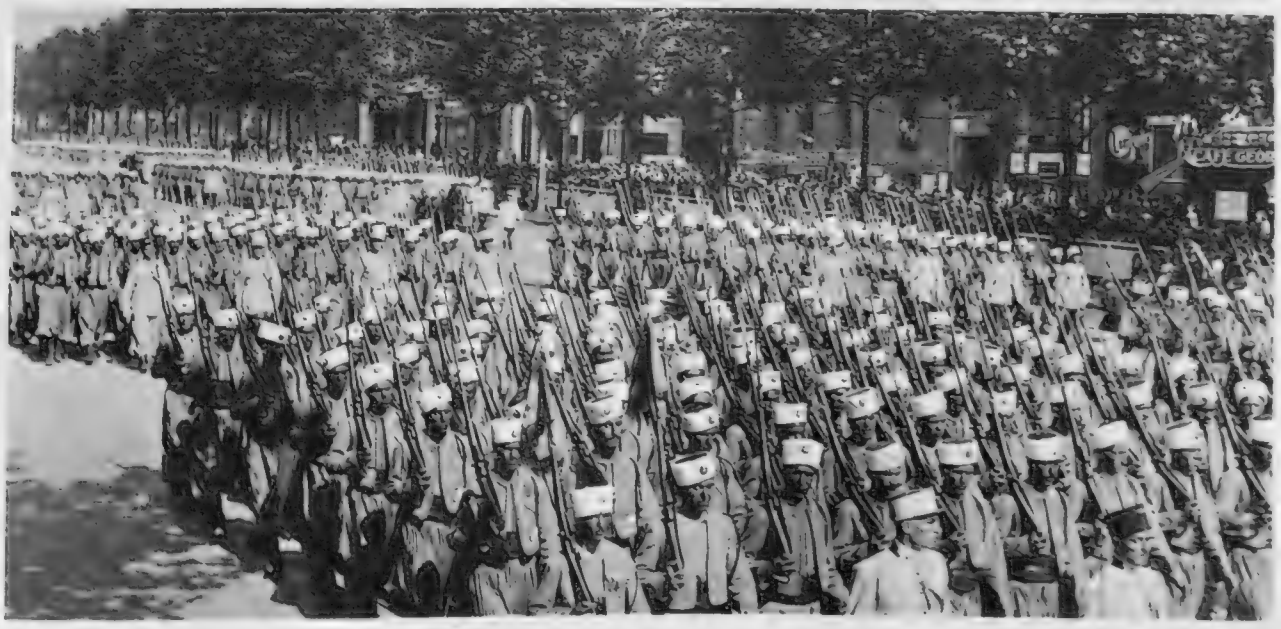
How the July 14 Parade in Paris Formed a Prologue to the Visit of the King and Queen this Week : Gaiety and Splendour on the Boulevards

A BRAVE DISPLAY: Motorised units in the Bastille Day parade held in the presence of President Lebrun. They are seen passing some of the magnificent decorations prepared in honour of the visit of the King and Queen—a visit which Frenchmen have looked forward to with evident delight. Here the decorative scheme consists of the Union Jack and Tricolour set alternately, with glittering mosaic pyramids flanking them. The fountains in front are surrounded by a superb show of flowers

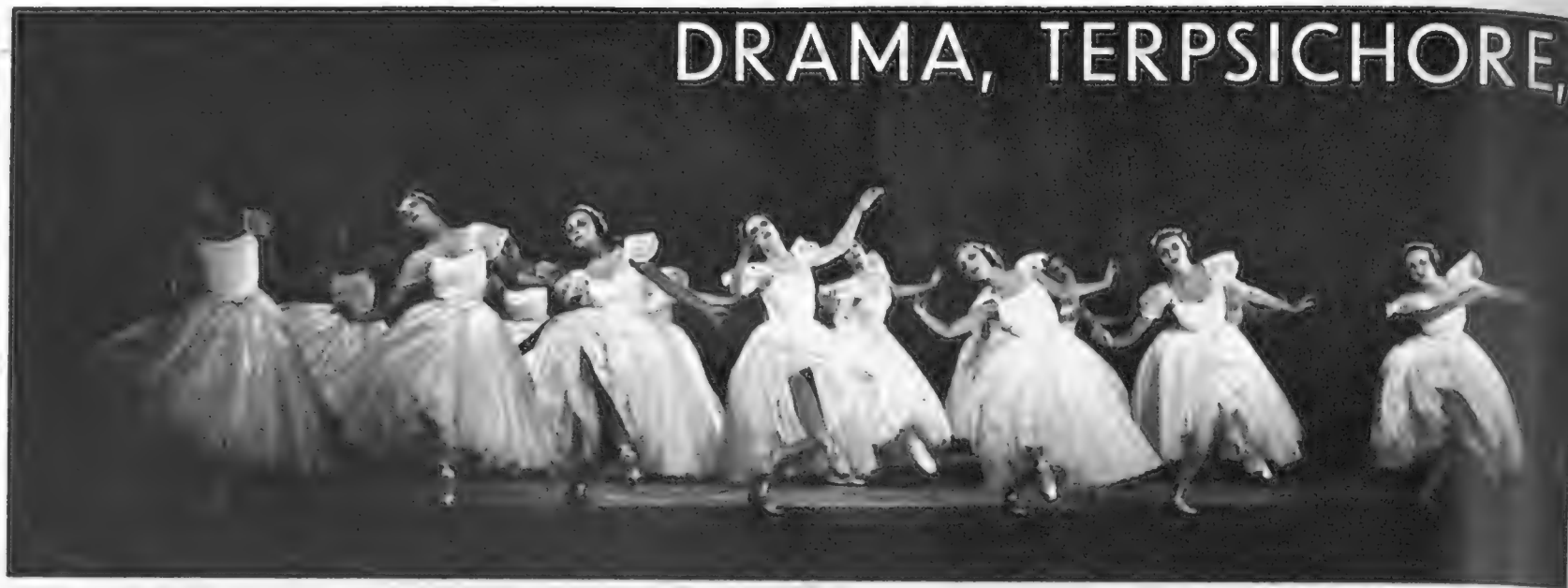
Queen. Union Jacks were to be seen everywhere, and there was hardly a shop window without its portraits of the King and Queen or of the Princesses. Many big stores offered goods adorned with the Royal Monogram

THE HORSELESS CAVALRY: These men in the Bastille Day parade belong to the first cavalry regiment in France to have exchanged horses for motor bicycles, and naturally they aroused much interest among the crowds thronging the sidewalks.

Below—Colonial troops and their white officers marching together. The parade was one of the most spectacular ever held and its dramatic nature was much enhanced by the bombers and fighters from Le Bourget air base which flew just above in formation



DRAMA, TERPSICHORE,



LES SYLPHIDES FLOAT IN GAUZY WHITE: A very graceful moment from the ever popular ballet of the sylph-like dancers who are lured into an enchanted wood. This "romantic reverie" by Michel Fokine formed the prelude to the season at Drury Lane and figures on Thursday and Saturday evenings of this week's programme

THE SEVENTH SYMPHONY: A moment in this ballet by Massine which has no actual plot but is concerned with the creation of the world and man's subsequent fall from grace. The fourth movement, from which this particular moment is recorded, is entitled "The Destruction." It is danced to the music of Beethoven

TWO STUDIES OF ALICE MARKOVA AND IGOR YOUSKEVITCH poised during the progress of the third movement of the Seventh Symphony at Drury Lane. The London Symphony Orchestra skilfully interpreted the Beethoven music

BALLET RUSSE de MONTE CARLO

Five Special Camera Studies by Merlyn Severn of the Ballets now being produced at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane

LEVITATION IN "LE BEAU DANUBE": The once-beautiful monochrome setting has been changed. The backcloth has been altered and now shows a pair-horse equipage, eager to get its passengers to their destination. Leonide Massine interprets the role of the Hussar

HOLLYWOOD has not, it seems, made the British public so familiar with the American idiom that certain American plays do not have to be anglicised before they are produced here. What, I wonder, is the element in those plays which renders the process essential? *Idiot's Delight* and *Golden Boy* are being played in London in precisely the form New York audiences saw them. Not so *Little Stranger*, for this little comedy by Katharine Hilliker and H. H. Caldwell has come to the Royalty in an "English version" by M. C. Hunter. However, the most important feature in the whole entertainment is as American as American can be—Miss June Clyde. An "English version" of Miss Clyde is unthinkable, and the de-Americanisation of this charming young actress would be as impossible as the attempt unnecessary.

The play, which is labelled by the programme new but isn't, took a long time to get going and until Miss Clyde made a rather belated appearance it looked as if it was not going to go at all. The squabbles of a family named Shaw, their friends and neighbours, including a youth of the most tense 1938 type, cleverly played by Mr. Nigel Stock, did not amount to much in the way of amusement and formed far too long a prologue to the main business of the evening—how a pretty American girl came to stay for a few days and did as much mischief in that short time as the average female manages to do in the whole of her life—and that is not a little. The girl could be described only in unprintable fashion; she dangled her sex allure in front of the males with the deftness of the red rag fellow at a bull-fight and she embroiled the women of the household, from mamma to the maidservant, in a complexity of agonising difficulties.

This hardly seems to be material for a good farcical comedy, yet it is. After a dullish first act *Little Stranger* definitely took its place in the *George and Margaret* and *French Without Tears* class, though I am risking no prophecies as to a run of fabulous length. I found it, for the most part, as amusing as either of those money-spinners, and will leave it at that.

Miss Clyde is, of course, a well-known film star, and I notice that in view of her success in this piece there have been some *ex cathedra* pronouncements on the lines that "this disproves once and for all the silly theory that film stars cannot act on the 'legitimate' stage," and so forth. It does not disprove anything, nor does it prove anything, except that Miss Clyde can act, has a sly sense of fun, and can succeed in the very difficult job of making a thoroughly detestable person not only tolerable but amusing for a couple of hours. It does not alter my conviction that there are still plenty of film stars whose attempts at acting in a theatre would be as pathetic as my own on the flying trapeze, just as some of our stage stars would, and, indeed, do, put up a poor performance on the screen. The two forms of acting have a widely different technique; those who can assimilate both are the lucky ones.

Ballet at Drury Lane.—Bow Street and thereabouts is very ballet-conscious just now. If you do not like a piece of choreography or some particular dancer at Covent Garden (and if you do not mind spending double money on a single evening's entertainment), you can cross the road, take the first turning on the left and the first on the right and be seeing what's what and who's who at Drury Lane in less than five minutes. The Lane company — described as the Monte Carlo Ballet, with M. Massine as the leading spirit — opened their season last week, after a not very good performance of the familiar *Les Sylphides*, with Beethoven's Seventh Symphony

And a Circus Attraction at the Coliseum

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

which is, of course, a novelty as dance music, and a surprising one. I will touch only in passing on the question, now rending the music-cum-ballet world, as to whether a symphony should be danced to at all. I do not happen to care for any of these ballet-fied symphonies, with the exception, possibly, of Berlioz's *Symphonic Fantastique*, which is more fantastic than symphonic, anyway.

The dancing seemed to conform less than usual to the musical rhythm: the last movement, for instance, which is perhaps the nearest approach to a dance, with its gay, whirling principal subject, was accompanied on the stage by actions and gestures the reverse of lively.

It was a relief to find this ballet followed by an excellent revival of our old friend "Le Beau Danube" (with the adorable Mlle Danilova), "vich," as David Copperfield's landlady remarked of skittles, "is 'caithier and relieves the mind."

The Genius of Riabouchinska.—Covent Garden, meanwhile, is less ambitious this season in the matter of novelties, and has, as I write, added nothing to *Protée*, quite charming but on the small and even trivial side. *Jeux d'Enfants* has been revived, a ballet which demonstrates a lot of things, among them what a loss to the world was the premature death of its composer, Bizet, so often wrongly regarded, on account of *Carmen*, as a one-work man.

It is also a perfect medium for the genius of Mlle Riabouchinska, whose performance as the delighted, bewildered child reconciles me even to the staleness of the idea of a ballet concerned with toys coming to life. After *Coppelia*, *La Boutique Fantasque*, and Heaven knows how many more, toys should have been allowed to remain lifeless in ballet circles for at least the next twenty years. However, Mlle Riabouchinska, always delightful in the part, has this year added a touch of comedy, which never degenerates into clowning.

Last week's performance of *Carnaval* gave us some good dancing and much mistaken feverishness in the matter of conducting by M. Solti. Youthful enthusiasm is all very well but not when it leads to a distortion of Schumann's phrases and rhythms and an attempt to turn his placid romanticism into something like the wild dances of the Caucasus. The evening's musical balance was restored by the company's conductor-in-chief, M. Dorati, who secured a thoroughly sound Brahms No. 4 (*Choreartium*), mainly by, as it seemed to me, concentrating on his orchestra and letting the ballet take care of itself.

"The Brothers Ashkenazi."—To see a play acted in a language of which one does not understand a syllable brings one back to something like the attitude we had perforce to adopt towards the old silent films. But the acting of the players from the Yiddish Art Theatre of New York is much richer in interpretative value, putting aside all questions of the spoken word. The variations of oriental gesture in the play *The Brothers Ashkenazi*, at the Phœnix Theatre are overwhelming. Any suggestion of restraint would be foreign to them and they are wise not even to attempt it. This arm-waving, fist-shaking, and hysterical passion would be called "ham" acting in players of another race. In its present surroundings it is precisely right and amazingly effective.

The two brothers, one of them a hard and mean villain who abandons the faith of his fathers and the other a decent kindly man, are played respectively by Mr. Maurice Schwarz and Mr. Sam Goldenberg. One does not have to know what they are talking about—though the meaning of every passage of the play is never for a moment in doubt—to realise that both are extremely competent actors.

There is an immense cast and I do not remember ever having seen before so many beards simultaneously assembled on the same stage, except, possibly, in the coronation scene of *Boris Godounov*. Fortunately it was a good cast and they were evidently good beards.

London theatres would be odd places if in all of them were to be found the active and violent intensity of these Yiddish players. Yet I fancy something might with advantage be learned from them. The be-restrained-whatever-happens school are having things rather too much their own way these days.

The Coliseum Circus.—Why should it be considered odd to produce or to attend a circus in the summer time? Far rather would I see performing animals at the Coliseum on a July night, as I did last Saturday, than in a vast but chilly exhibition building in Kensington or Islington. Sir Oswald Stoll's *International Circus* (Why the adjective? All circuses are necessarily international) is on familiar lines; for your circus is about the most conservative thing in the world. There are many sleek and shiny horses who go round and round the ring to music, in pairs, in fours, and even in waltz time, and there are collie dogs who jump and balance. That sort of thing has always bored me but probably 95 per cent. of the good, honest, circus-going and seat-paying public it does not bore.

On the other hand I rejoiced at the elephants in what I believe are known as Juliet caps, at Pim's Four Merry Sailors (particularly at one sailor with a red face and astounding agility), at Mlle Lou and her obviously unridable mule, and at two very funny comedians (the Gaudsmith Brothers) and their two very funny poodles. Yes, on the whole a grand circus and a most exhilarating entertainment. Even the group of official clowns, who grew less and less funny as their costumes and make-up grew more bizarre, could not depress me. But they were only on about a minute at a time.

ARISTOPHANES IN THE OPEN AIR: The promised appearance of Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale in *Lysistrata* take place this week. Gladys Cooper takes the name part and her husband that of Kinesias. The plot of the play, which dates from B.C. 411, has a bearing on actual discussions of to-day. The women of Greece, determined to go on strike over the question of war, deny their lords their rights until they shall have consented to make peace

RESTING DURING PRODUCTION: Kenny Baker who has come over from America in order to act the famous part of Nanki-poo in the film production of *The Mikado*

THE FIRST STAGE OF THE FILMING OF "THE MIKADO": The preliminary work of taking reference photographs of the principal actors in the film production of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan opera has just been completed. These pictures are for the purpose of checking off the details of dress in subsequent scenes. Work is now in full swing at the Pinewood studios

CAMBRIDGE ACQUIRES A RICHLY WROUGHT BURGONET

A Hammered Iron Sixteenth-Century Milanese Pageant Helmet with a Strange Story

A RICH EXAMPLE OF THE ARMOURER'S ART: This 16th-century Milanese pageant helmet or burgonet of hammered iron, with its visor in the shape of a lion's mask and its comb skilfully ornamented, has just been acquired by the new Gallery of Armour in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. It was discovered at a sale of unwanted theatrical "props," a small trader recognising its merit

Those responsible for the new Gallery of Armour in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, which was opened by Earl Baldwin in 1936, recently made their first acquisition since the inauguration. With the aid of a grant from the National Art Collections Fund, they have purchased the above particularly fine example of the armourer's craft—a parade helmet or burgonet of the sixteenth century, with the visor modelled in the shape of a lion's mask and the skull embossed with nymphs and trophies in the vigorous style of the High Renaissance.

The consummate workmanship and the choice of the ornament indicate the brothers Paolo and Filippo Negroli, of Milan, as its makers. This helmet represents the peak of the armourer's craft, before the decline set in during the second half of the sixteenth century, and closely resembles one which

(Continued below)

ANOTHER SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BURGONET: This head-piece, made for Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, belongs to much the same period as the example acquired by the Fitzwilliam at Cambridge and is therefore of particular interest from the point of view of comparison. The comb is not so high, it will be seen, as on the Milanese helmet. It was made by one Jacob the Armourer

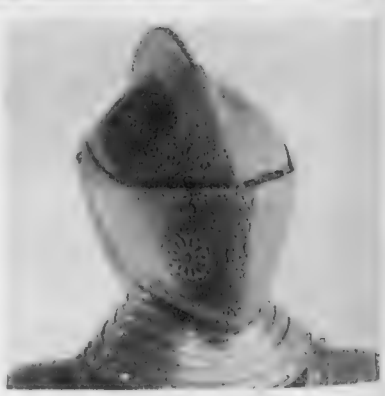
THE VISOR SHAPED LIKE A LION'S MASK: Another view of the burgonet which has just been acquired by the Fitzwilliam Museum with a grant from the National Art Collections Fund

belonged to Charles V's son, the Archduke Ferdinand of the Tyrol, a piece now in the Imperial Armoury at Vienna, known from the inventory drawn up in 1596 as "Der Haube mit dem Löwengesicht." The Archduke must have been particularly proud of this helmet, for it appears in his portrait on the title-page of the large folio book of drawings of famous men by Francesco Terzio.

The Fitzwilliam casque differs in the decoration of the comb, which includes a Greek motto,

(Continued above on right)

ΤΑΥΡΑΕΙΣ·ΠΑΡΟΣ·ΑΣΤΕΡΑΣ ("Thou walkest proudly before the stars"), damascened in gold. The finding of this helmet is one of the romances of the art world in recent times. The story runs that it appeared at a sale of theatrical properties in London, where it might well have been sold only to disappear in the way that unwanted theatrical properties do! Fortunately, it was noticed by a small trader, who purchased it on the chance of its being something out of the ordinary and brought it to its late owner.



MADE FOR DE VERDELAIN, GRAND COMMANDER OF MALTA: The burgonet of another suit of 16th-century armour. Like the Fitzwilliam acquisition, it is north Italian work

A LETTER ON WEST INDIAN LIFE

PUBLIC speaking in the British West Indies is a more difficult proposition than in England, for the speaker never knows what meaning is to be put on his words. The people flock into a missionary meeting to hear what "de speakah" has to say, and to see how the principles contained in his simple stories can be applied to themselves.

On one occasion the headmaster of the St. Kitts Grammar School was chairman at a Methodist missionary meeting in the island of Nevis. He spoke at some length on the similarity of life to a boomerang, and emphasised the point that good actions had a habit of returning to a person. One woman sat enthralled, and next morning she decided to try out this new idea. Boldly she approached the minister.

"Pasin," she said, "I'se come fo' youse to give me 5 dollahs."

Now 5 dollars is equivalent to 20s. 10d., and the minister was dumbfounded.

"Why do you think I'll give you 5 dollars?" he asked.

"Because de speakah last night he say if youse do good to youse neighbour it come back to you, so if youse give me 5 dollahs, den dey come back to you. Maybe youse get 10 dollahs," she added hopefully.

Needless to say, she did not get the money, but when the minister offered to try to get her a job—the third in less than three months—she was not so well pleased.

This speaker had only been a few months in the West Indies at the time, and coming straight from Scotland, his speech sounded strange to those simple folk. The sexton, however, voiced the opinion of the congregation to the minister.

FOR THE WELL-TO-DO NATIVE: One of the better-class native wooden houses in St. Kitts built on piles

"Where do de speakah come from, sah?" he asked.

"Scotland."

"Dat ain't England, is it, sah?"

"No. Scotland lies to the north of England."

"I thought so, sah, fo' he don't speak English like us, do he?"

The minister had to admit that he did not.

Family life among the negroes is a very curious affair, if it can be said to exist at all. Families of ten or twelve live together in a very small house which usually measures about 16 ft. by 18 ft. Even then the inside is divided into at least two compartments.

The house is a wooden erection built on piles. In cases where the owner has the money he will make the sides and roof of good ¾-in. pitch pine and cover them with shingle. But in the case of a poorer man, the house is made of "trash"—the tops from the sugar-canes. This is fixed to a rough wooden frame made from the boughs of some near-by tree. The roof is thickly thatched with "trash," but it is not waterproof. Very often the floor is only a layer of "trash," and in some cases not even that. Where a poor man can obtain a house vacated by some richer neighbour because of some holes or bad boards in the walls or roof, he will always take it, and patch it up with corrugated iron or a kerosene tin which has been flattened out.

There is practically no furniture in most of the poorer houses. A bed is a luxury, and only the "aristocrats" have one. Most of the poorer people sleep on a heap of rags on the floor. I once went with the local missionary to visit one of his flock who had burst a toe. She sat on the largest heap of rags I have ever seen. Her foot was bound up with a dirty piece of an old shirt, and it was impossible to persuade her that even although "the spirit of her dead" had told her to put a certain herb on her toe, it was necessary to wash it too. She died two weeks later.

A "TRASH" HOUSE: A typical West Indies negro dwelling, the roof and walls of which are thatched with "trash"—sugar-cane tops on a wooden frame

This woman had a son whose age was a mystery to both of them. She knew he was born before the war, but was not sure how long before. He had gone to a neighbouring island and had left her "at home." She had not heard of him for two years, nor did she expect to. Such are the ties of "family life" among these poor people.

Meals are taken in the house only when the weather is bad. Usually the food, such as it is, is cooked in the little yard which surrounds the house. This food consists mostly of yams, sweet potatoes, breadfruits, rice, and peas, or soursop boiled with some dried or locally caught fish, or

(Continued on page 152)

COOKING UP A FILM AT HOLLYWOOD

WHEN an American-made motion picture based on an historical subject is reviewed in the press of the United States, the comments are chiefly on the entertainment value of the production. The alteration of characters and appearances of well-known personalities, as well as anachronisms, which the foreign critics assail, are rarely referred to. This apparent carelessness on the part of producers is not mere indifference, and the causes for meticulous attention to unimportant detail and a disregard for blatant discrepancies with established fact are not as obvious as might at first be supposed.

Ignorance plays a part, so does an inability to appreciate that there are cinema-goers who have feelings on historical accuracy. There is likewise an attitude that distortion of facts and dates are of less importance than good dramatic situations. However, the real reason for inaccuracy, for which there is no real remedy, is much more subtle—it is the natural process in the evolution of picture story making which unconsciously causes the original theme to be forgotten.

A big studio is divided into a number of production units, at the head of each of which is a producer who is responsible for the making of an idea into a finished motion picture play. It is a curious procedure, of the details of which few talkie patrons have the smallest conception, and is roughly as follows.

To begin with, the selection of material suitable for a screen production. For this there are various sources. A successful stage play or novel, a magazine story, an episode in history, or the biography of some famous personage, sometimes an original and unpublished synopsis of an original idea.

When the basis for a picture has been selected by the studio, it is turned over to the producer who has been designated to bring it to the screen. In the case of a play, a great deal of the work is there already. There is a certain amount of dialogue which can be used and a general sense of the sequence of the scenes. In the case of a novel, there is likewise something to work on, with, possibly, some utilisable dialogue. With a short story or idea, fictional or historical, there is only the plot.

Assuming, therefore, that the producer is dealing with this latter foundation for making a picture, the next stage is to prepare what is known as a treatment of the story. This is a kind of elaborate synopsis of the material, divided up into scenes. The bringing into being of this treatment is, on principle, the work of one writer. Already a new mind is dressing the character or episode in history with a personal point of view, further clothed by what is known to be the producer's conception of the story.

Once the treatment is ready, there begin what are known as story conferences, during which the subject is discussed and the process of disintegration of fact continues.

A story conference at a studio is, to say the least of it, unexpected. The producer and his assistant, a writer or two, a technical adviser and a stenographer gather together in the conference room, which is a mixture of an office, a club smoking-room and a lady's boudoir, and, having established themselves in comfortable chairs and lit their various smokes, breathe a deep sigh, smile, and begin to discuss the picture. The discussion of the actual facts under consideration does not usually last for more than ten minutes and something quite irrelevant comes up and becomes the basis of conversation, causing another drift from the theme. The first day's conference usually ends in apparently negative results, and when next morning the synopsis of the conversation, recorded by the stenographer present at the conference, is read it is astonishing to find how many constructive ideas have been put forward.

The making of a story into a screen play ready for production may take anything from three months to a year. Some stories have taken as long as two years. During that period a host of writers has been employed, all of whom have different ideas as to how the theme should be treated, so that in the end one has a bit of all these ideas and only a shadow of the main plot and characters of the original story. It is not necessarily a deliberate distortion of a subject, but a natural evolution, influenced by talking something over and over; the fact that the tastes of the public all over the world must be suited and the rigorous censorship of the Hayes office.

The employment of a large number of writers on one story may seem extraordinary to the average author of books. No group of men can individually have the same ideas as to the treatment of a subject, few collaborators are really successful, so how can a host of minds, chosen at random, create anything which is not a superficial little of each and nothing begot by inspiration? As a matter of fact, it is just this superficial little which the producer wants; his theory being that if one takes the best from each writer, something perfect will be obtained.

While the producers and the writers have been discussing and writing, the staff of the studio

WONDERS IN A MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS FILM: Scottish film-goers were astonished to see Bothwell's private army entering Edinburgh kilted and plaided, behind the skirling pipes. This was in the 1560's when it must have been a rare thing indeed to see a Highlander in Edinburgh. The early kilt was part of a plaid and the made-up modern kilt was not invented until long afterwards in the time of the invasion of the Highlands

research department has been studying the history and the customs of the period under review. Technical experts (for some productions internationally distinguished men) have been specially hired and placed on the studio pay-rolls to check any irregularities. The assistance of these men is, however, often much handicapped by the attitude of some producers who do not like having men working with them who know too much about the subject to be filmed. A paradoxical state of mind due to a fear that too great a knowledge will interfere with the studio's conception of making the story into a picture.

Before *Mutiny on the Bounty* went into production, a distinguished officer of the Royal Navy was approached as a possible technical adviser, but he was discarded at the last moment for an officer of the British army who knew nothing about life at sea!

When the *Garden of Allah* was going to be made into a talking picture, the name of a man who knew a great deal about the Arabs came up as the obvious consultant director. However, his intimacy with life in the Sahara frightened the production staff in question into employing someone whose conception of North Africa was superficial.

As a well-known playwright once replied to a question of a man who wanted his knowledge of a subject utilised in the making of a film:

"If you know something of the subject of a story going into production, do not air this knowledge. You are far more likely to be employed on a picture about Central Africa if you let it leak out that you are an expert on the Arctic."

Some inaccuracies are due to force of circumstances, as in a certain picture produced by M.-G.-M., where every detail of the atmosphere was entirely realistic but for a British naval officer who was portrayed with a moustache because Clark Gable refused to appear without this ornament to his upper lip. Other inaccuracies are from carelessness or ignorance. In *A Tale of Two Cities*, Sydney Carton was shown looking out of his cell window at a panorama of Paris with, in the background, the Trocadero, which was not built until 100 years after the French Revolution. The camels used in *Clive of India* happened to be the one specie of that breed of animal never seen in India. British soldiers are often shown saluting after the American formula and giving words of command unknown in "Infantry Training." Film convicts frequently wear the American prison garb, regardless of the country in which they are serving their sentences, and British policemen often appear on the scene to the accompaniment of sirens.

To sum up this question then, the producer's theory is that accuracy is good when possible, but far more important is the tempo of the picture, the situations and the sustained interest, which make the minds of the audience impatient to see what is coming next. Indian army officers in full dress uniform on manœuvres, the wrong specie of camel, the peculiar behaviour of sailing ships in a storm are of no matter, provided the theatre patrons are thrilled.

As a matter of fact, if one gives the question a little thought, one realises that the producer is right. He is not selling entertainment to experts on history but to people who want to relax for a couple of hours from the worries of daily life, and do not mind what this or that character looked like provided their parts are portrayed by a Gary Cooper or Claudette Colbert.

Ronald Bodley

"THE BIG HOUSE": The charming red brick frontage of No. 10, a pre-Fire Jacobean building, on the site of the palace or court of Ralph Nevill, Bishop of Chichester, 1223, from whom the court derives its name

THE DOOM OF NEVILL'S COURT

WHAT London gains in progress and efficiency it loses in picturesqueness and beauty. Before long a little-known oasis in the bewildering desert of the City of London will be demolished to make room for a motor road with hygienic and institution-like flats and factories. The oasis referred to is that last City survival of a village outside the walls, with seventeenth-century manor house, chapel, Jacobean houses, shed-like shops, gardens, trees, and until last year a common tap, which had replaced the village pump for the residents' water supply. It is known as Nevill's Court, Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

Nevill's Court is as ancient as it is historic. It derives its name from Ralph Nevill, Bishop of Chichester, whose palace or court occupied the site of the present No. 10.

The "big house," as the Bishop's "Court" was called, was for long a temporary town residence of the Nevill family. Probably the last of the Nevills to reside there was Lady Nevill, who was buried at St. Dunstan's in 1616. The locality commended itself for residential purposes because of its almost rural surroundings, traces of which still survive, despite the passing of six centuries, in the gardens in front of the houses.

The gardens that existed in Fetter Lane, of which those in Nevill's Court are a survival, were, until Elizabeth's reign, when they were built upon, a great source of annoyance to the authorities. Fetter Lane, in fact, derived its name from the "idle roughs and bad men" who made these gardens their rendezvous. Stowe had nasty things to say about these "idle rogues," whom he says were called "Fewters." "Fewters" Lane became in time corrupted into Fetter Lane.

Piety came to Nevill's Court with the rise of Puritanism. Praise God Barebones, who lived in the corner house, now demolished, used to have "spiritual outpourings," as open-air preaching was termed.

The Great New Street end of the court escaped the Fire, and, at a later date, in the chapel which now belongs to the Moravians, Richard Baxter preached from 1672 till 1682. The same building has also been thrilled with the eloquence of Wesley and Whitefield.

As a result of one of the frequent persecutions the Moravian Brethren were subjected to in Germany, a contingent came to London and held services in what is now the Moravian Chapel, which they eventually purchased

(*Continued on page 152*)

OVERHEAD VIEW: Nevill's Court wearing a pre-demolition air of desolation as if conscious of its ultimate fate

THE MORAVIAN CHURCH: The edifice purchased by the Moravian Brethren in 1774 for use by them as a place of worship

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

WHEN PEERS HAD FAMILIES OF NINE

The Letters of the Stanleys of Alderley—The Island of St. Helena from a non-Napoleonic Angle

By VERNON FANE

ACROSS nearly 100 years comes a picture of English life as clear and as fresh as if it had been conceived yesterday. The letters of two country gentlewomen, neither of them visiting London for more than a few weeks in each year, and both occupied with family matters, have made as delightful a book of this kind as I have read for many a day. The letters cover a period of ten years and a surprisingly wide range of subjects. Household cares naturally feature from time to time, but since both ladies lived in large houses and wide estates, these cares were apt to be on a correspondingly lordly scale and not concerned with the more petty domestic problems.

THE LADIES OF ALDERLEY (Chapman and Hall. 15s.) is an edition of the correspondence between Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley, and her daughter-in-law, Henrietta Maria Stanley, astutely edited by Miss Nancy Mitford. Maria Josepha shows herself in her letters to have been the arch-type of all mothers-in-law, as we know them from fiction and the stage. She was a downright old lady, fond of giving advice and not hesitating to criticise the way her son's wife ran her establishment, her nursery, and her husband.

When the children were very young, their manners exercised her—"Tell Henry, Miss Moomie took it very much to heart he did not turn up to take leave of her . . . If she had been a *large carp* I am sure he would not have forgot her"; and when they were growing up she had endless counsels to give on the way in which they should be brought out. "I am afraid," she writes concerning one of her granddaughters, "you will be obliged to bring her again out of town without a husband which I *guess* you expected the first season. You had better make up your mind quickly, expect nothing—either husbands or partners, but let her enjoy her dances as well as she *can* and as she *will* if she does not see you *too* anxious . . ."

Henrietta Maria, on the other hand, seems to have been a docile figure at this time, although in later years she was to become a very definite and admirable personality. She accepted the older woman's rulings, or at any rate gave a graceful appearance of accepting them, and answered her letters with affectionate respect. As for her husband, Lord Eddisbury, later Lord Stanley, who seems to have been a singularly mean and unattractive character, her letters to him which are included in this collection, show him as thoughtless and selfish and her as a gentle whiner, continuously overwhelmed by every problem from childbirth to chilblains. Although possessing a comfortable little fortune, he kept her perpetually badly off, always in debt, and with no money to spend on anything but necessities. They had nine children, in none of whom he seems to have taken any interest, and he seems indeed to have spent the greater part of the year away from his wife.

One of her saddest letters to him ends, nevertheless, "Pray make time to write, your letters are my life."

Between the years 1841 to 1850, the period covered by the correspondence, much that was politically important was happening in England. Maria Josepha writes of the Chartist riots, though in a rather detached way, as if it were a manifestation of some form of life quite foreign to her, and she has acid comments to make on those dignitaries of Church and State whom she did not consider to be doing their duty adequately. "Sneaking fellows those bishops are," she writes, evidently about a division in the House of Lords, "take them all in all. Where were London, Salisbury and St. Asaph, who, I believe, were certainly all in town, and perhaps many more." The old lady was at least consistent, and relaxed her rule no more for refractory bishops than for naughty children.

Maria Josepha was capable of a good *mot* from time to time and was generally at her best when roused by indignation. Of a quarrel between the rectory and herself (and one can guess who was the winner of the dispute) she writes, "All the *horrors* of *friendship* rose up in array against the exercise of our Christian charity."

Miss Mitford has done an excellent job with her material. Even the best of correspondents need an editor, and an editor who knows the value of omissions and brevities and grouping. Although a kinswoman of the Stanley ladies, Miss Mitford assures readers her "critical faculties in this respect are as unbiased as those of the general reader, who will, I hope, find the lives of the Ladies of Alderley as fascinating and their jokes as good as I do."

Most people, if and when they give the island of St. Helena a thought, think of it as the last residence of Napoleon and nothing else. A bleak place, with little reputation for hospitality, and a rather unpleasant climate. Playgoers and readers of memoirs may have a little more knowledge of the place, but not enough to endow it with a life of its own, or a history separate from the tragic last years of the Little Corporal.

Yet the fact remains that St. Helena is one of our oldest colonies and was once the most vital possession of them all. For many years its fortunes were directed by the board of the fabulously rich East India Company, since from their point of view it occupied a strategic position on the route to India, but even after it was formally adopted by the Crown, its history was stormy and of no little importance in England's colonial scheme.

Mr. Philip Gosse has now constituted himself historian of the island and in ST. HELENA 1502-1938 (Cassell. 15s.) he has written a remarkable account of the place, of its slave population, its governors, its rioters and its landed families from the earliest days. For thirty years after its discovery by the Portuguese its only inhabitant was a poor mutilated creature, Fernando Lopez, who lived in complete solitude and hid whenever a ship put in at the island.

Later the English and the Dutch were to dispute possession and finally, as in Napoleon's day, a series of English governors was to ensure law and order and try to bring about a measure of peace in a small territory singularly liable to upsets.

True to his intention "to show that without St. Helena there would be no British possessions in the Far East to-day," Mr. Gosse only touches lightly on the story of Napoleon's captivity, but approaches even that from a new angle. The Emperor's stay is treated as an incident only, in the island's story, and not given the importance that most chroniclers claim for it.

The author is the first person to have made full use of the records of the East India Company, and for this reason his book is continually breaking fresh ground. It is written with a genuine appreciation of the sturdy qualities of the islanders of the past and the present and is a serious addition to the literature and records of what Mr. Gosse represents as the poor relation among our colonies, and yet a country with the greatest possibilities.

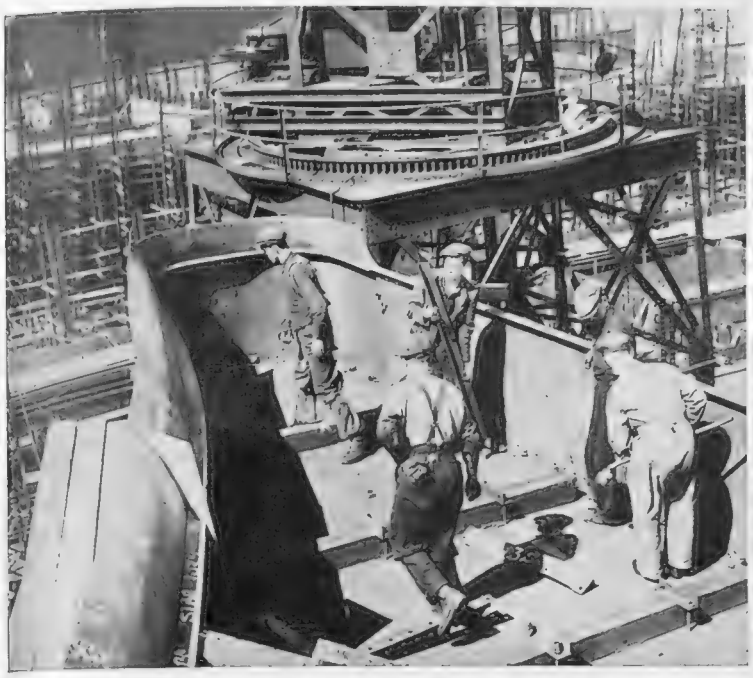
It is fairly safe to assume that Mr. Herbert Kahan is a diligent reader of the work of the late D. H. Lawrence. I was inclined to think so for the first 190 pages of his novel, APOLLO FLIES (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.), and when I came to page 191 I was certain. That "great, strong, jogging back" seemed familiar, if not in the actual words, still in the Lawrentian sense and implications.

This might have been from its theme: a girl in love with her cousin in the Air Force, devoted to her mother, and with a bright, introspective mind, a rather banal novel. There are no complications, no surprises in the plot, and the whole interest of the book lies in the subtleties of thought and expression that are revealed by the two principal characters. They talk—insatiably, and when they are apart they brood with infinite absorption over their reactions, past, present, and to come.

THE AUTHOR OF *IF* AT THE WICKET: Lord Dunsany, using a miniature bat and playing to a soft ball during the annual Actresses v. Authors charity cricket match at Caen Wood, Highgate, on Tuesday of last week. In the absence of Miss Gladys Cooper, Miss Beatrice Lillie captained the actresses. Miss Ellen Pollock is seen alertly keeping wicket

MARITIME MARVELS

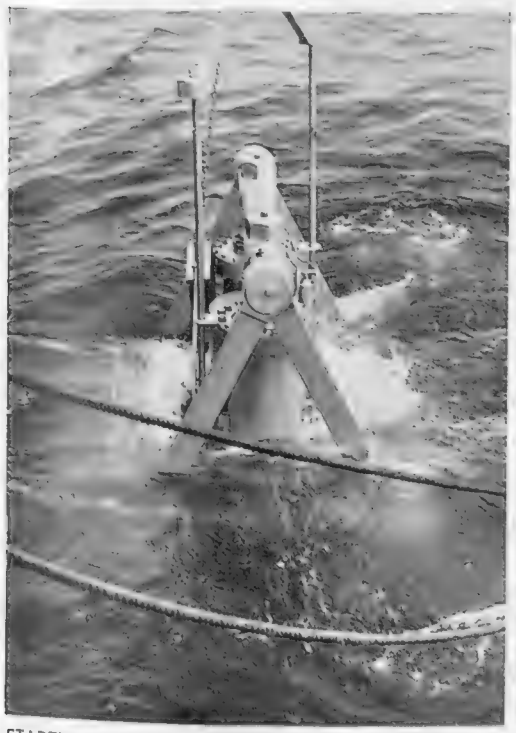
The New "Mauretania" at Birkenhead—The Launch of a Mine-sweeper — A Remarkable Sea-dredge



A RECORD IN SHIP CONSTRUCTION: Men at work on the streamlined bridge of the new 33,000-ton *Mauretania*, the launch of which is planned for July 28 from Messrs. Cammell Laird's yard at Birkenhead. The construction of this liner has been carried out in record time

A NEW MINE-SWEEPER: H.M.S. *Bramble*, the sixteenth vessel of the Halcyon class of mine-sweeper, the construction of which was begun in 1933, launched at Devonport Dockyard on Tuesday of last week by Lady Pipon, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir James Pipon, late Admiral Superintendent at Gibraltar. The vessel is of 1,750 tons

DREDGING BY SUCTION: A short time ago we gave a close-up view of the suction mechanism of a new type of dredger which drew up material by suction and not by the continuous chain of buckets with which one has long been familiar. This view shows the appearance of the whole of the S.S. *Goethals*, U.S. Army Corps sea-going hopper dredger. The suction pipe can be seen hanging at the side of the vessel in line with the funnel



STARTING ITS 700-FT. JOURNEY: The sea-dredge, which weighs 10 tons, entering the water in the open position during a recent test of the apparatus 3 miles off the Monterey shore

COMING TO THE SURFACE: A view of the scoop as it rises from the water loaded with its sample of sea bed and its jaws firmly locked by the pistons above them

DEPOSITING ITS TROVE: The giant jaws of the dredge about to open. The inventor, John C. Williams of San Francisco, sees in it a great future as an aid to gold-mining on the ocean floor

A NOVEL SEA-DREDGE: This new type of sea-dredge, shown in detail in the three pictures above, is for extracting samples up to two tons weight of sea bed from great depths which would otherwise be unobtainable. A depth of 700 ft. has been reached, though 1,000 ft. is said to be possible. The dredge works like the grab of an excavator crane, the scoops of which are power-operated by making use of the static hydraulic pressure at the depth worked. Two cylinders fitted with pistons and rods are attached to the scoops, the jaws of which are held open while they are being lowered. As soon as the dredge touches the bottom a valve is automatically opened to admit the sea-water pressure, when the pistons are forced up and close the jaws. The valve is then again closed, thus retaining the water in the cylinders under pressure while the apparatus is brought to the surface. This appliance is said to have cost £100,000

WHERE SUMMER LINGERS

The Early Autumn is a Perfect Time for Sunshine Travellers

THE one supreme virtue in a travelling hat is its lightness, for nothing in the world is so tiring as a hat that constricts one's brows and grows heavier and heavier as the hours pass.

Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, know more about such hats than anybody else, for they have always specialised in them. Their Terais, which they make from 49s. 6d., in every conceivable colour, are completely admirable, and their classic felts, which cost only 35s., perfect for country wear as well as for travelling, are the sort that nobody can ever be without.

On the right is one of their more formal felts, ideal for shore expeditions. Made in dark or pastel colours, it costs 39s. 6d., and has a perforated brim.

One indispensable item in every holiday kit—a camel-hair coat. The one below is made in an off-white shade, with two roomy pockets, ridged wood buttons, and neatly stitched revers and cuffs. Gloriously good tempered, these coats wear for years, and Studd & Millington, of Conduit Street, have them from 7 guineas. Overcoats in autumn tweeds can be bought for 6 guineas

A New Square Silhouette

Above and above on right are pictures showing an extremely smart suit and topcoat in yellow zibeline braided with black. The link-fastened jacket is braided, and the skirt has pleats at each side of the back and front panel.

The topcoat, lined with black satin, has a straight yoke from which falls a wide panel with a pleat at each side. It comes from Burberry's, of the Haymarket, and is light, warm, and distinguished, for it has the very square outline that is going to be a favourite silhouette this autumn.

Long famous for the perfection of their classically tailored tweeds, Burberry's have one of the most interesting autumn collections in London, for in addition to their travel and shooting suits they have formal suits and coats, faultlessly cut, and showing great originality of detail. Among them are some that have been specially designed for the woman who is neither very young nor very slim but who looks her best in well-cut clothes that have dignity and a mellow charm.

PERSONALITY PARADE

Interesting People in the News

OFF TO AUSTRALIA: A party of Lancashire mill girls at St. Pancras prior to their departure for Australia where, owing to the shortage of skilled labour, they have been offered contracts at the Melbourne mill of Messrs. Davies, Coop and Co., to work for £3 per week instead of the average weekly wage of 35s which at present they are able to command in Lancashire

ENGINEER OF THE AIR: Mrs. Mabel Rockwell, America's only woman aeronautical engineer, pictured at Glendale, California, while on a visit to inspect transport planes operated by American Airlines on the southern route. Mrs. Rockwell, who bears a marked resemblance to the late Miss Amelia Earhart, holds engineering degrees from Massachusetts Institute of Technology and also from Stamford University

On left—

COUNTERPARTS OF THE STARS: Ten "doubles" of Hollywood film stars seen on their arrival at Plymouth last week from Hollywood. From left to right they are—Ezelle Poule (Zasu Pitts); Virginia Rendel (Mae West); Arthur McLaglen (as his brother Victor); Sylvia La Marr (Joan Crawford); James May (W. C. Fields); Margaret Bryson (Loretta Young); Tom Herbert (as his brother Hugh); Betty Dietrich (Greta Garbo); Carole Dietrich (Marlene Dietrich) and Earl Haddon (Bing Crosby). They are here to take part in a review at the London Palladium, Oxford Circus

TEMPORARY ADULTS: Two children dressed as grown-ups at the recent garden party at St. James's Palace in aid of the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare and attended by the Duchess of Gloucester

OVER SHE GOES! The old custom of lifting the bride over a stile by the bridegroom being observed at the recent wedding of Mr. W. Mills to Miss Glein, who appears on the stage as Jill Manners, at the tenth-century Parish Church of Eastwood, Essex

WED IN BALLET ATTIRE: Miss Nina Tarakanova, the ballerina, posing for the battery of cameras outside Marylebone Register Office when, on Wednesday of last week, she married Mr. Gray Shaw, Scottish land and ship owner, who first met his bride in Monte Carlo

THE DAIMLER STRAIGHT EIGHT CONTINENTAL SALOON: This type of saloon embodies coachwork which renders it especially suitable for the owner-driver whose main requirements are for a car designed to give high-speed travel and luxurious accommodation for five persons

THE PROBLEM OF THE DATE-TAB

How a Car can Depreciate a Whole Year in One Day

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE fact that 1939 models have now been available for more than a month should make all motorists realise that the present system of dating cars is quite wrong. If any of us buy a piano, a sewing machine, or even a cycle or motor-boat, we do not worry ourselves unduly as to whether it was manufactured or built in 1935 or 1936, so why in the name of goodness should the year of manufacture be inseparably connected with motor cars? Of course, the position is really worse than what I have indicated because we are offered 1939 model cars practically in the middle of 1938. Even if the new year's models were only available on January 1 of any particular year I would still say that the principle is bad.

I suppose the manufacturers imagine that the average motorist, being the owner of, say, a 1938 model, will immediately rush to the nearest dealer and buy a new car when the 1939 model is announced. In my humble opinion nothing like that really occurs. Instead, the general motoring public is exasperated by the frequent change of models and by the introduction of 1939 models before the year 1938 has passed its half-way mark.

Another annoying result of the present system is that when a motorist buys and sells the one and the same car he usually finds that there is a difference of opinion regarding the year of manufacture. From my own personal experience derived from two second-hand cars, which I bought and sold, I found that a car delivered in November of, say, 1936 is styled a 1937 model when it is purchased and reverts to a 1936 car when it is re-sold. In other words, when buying and selling a second-hand car the owner more often than not suffers a complete year's depreciation in value even if the buying and selling transactions take place on the same day.

An important effect of this dating of models is the tendency for sales to be concentrated during a few months of the year, whereas if the system were dropped it is more than likely that cars would be bought fairly regularly throughout the twelve months of the year.

Two or three manufacturers have and still are making valiant efforts to abandon the date-tab. This has been achieved by making preparations and obtaining supplies for a certain number of cars which may be sold in three months or spread over two years. So far as I know, this plan works very well, is economical to the maker and has a stabilising effect on sales. An annual show, of course, in itself tends to date cars, but I do not think that the tendency would be very strong if all manufacturers would simultaneously abandon the existing principle.

The question of whether the annual show should be continued or abandoned then arises. In its favour we must acknowledge that the annual exhibition, first of all, affords an opportunity for the entire motor trade to assemble, interchange views and inspect each other's products. I do not, however, think, assuming that this gathering of clans is good for the industry in general, that it could not be arranged in such a manner that the public were not invited to join in.

The annual show has, of course, an immense publicity value for the trade in general. For about a fortnight or three weeks practically all the press in the country has articles dealing with motor cars, and, no doubt, as a result many people are made motoring minded; in fact, are induced to purchase new cars and in so doing trade becomes active. It is difficult to see how this publicity could be obtained in any other way. On the other hand, many other trades do not find it necessary or desirable to hold annual shows and we must assume that the governing bodies of those trades are fully alive to the value of publicity. Curiously enough, it must be noted that the commercial vehicle section of the motor trade does not always have an annual exhibition.

We were quite slow in this country in adopting bumpers on our cars. It is not so long ago that Americans on coming to London used to marvel at the fact that the cars they saw were undented and at the same time unprotected by bumpers. No doubt their conclusion was that English motorists were an extremely careful body of men and women. We have, however, adopted, even at a late hour, the bumper bar. I think that the present-day bumper looks nice and gives a finishing touch to a car, but I have grave doubts as to whether it is really a useful article. If they were all set at exactly the same height from the ground and were provided with really resilient springs their utility would be unchallenged, but with them all at different heights and many constructed more rigidly than the chassis to which they are attached the results of a collision are often unpleasant.

The Institution of Automobile Engineers has done much useful work by drawing up standard specifications of many parts of motor cars and these have been adopted by the manufacturers. They would be carrying out another useful job were they to agree on a standard specification for bumpers. Obviously, it is unreasonable to expect the bumper on an Austin Seven or Morris Eight to be at the same height as that fitted to a Phantom Rolls-Royce, but I think, however, that if cross-pieces, or out-riders as they are sometimes called, were fixed to every bumper bar, we should overcome the difficulties to which I have alluded.

Then again, many manufacturers fit bumpers which are far too rigid, and sometimes even attach them to the coachwork. The result of either of these two faults is to cause damage in a collision of far greater magnitude than would have been the case if no bumpers had been fitted at all. I am not pretending that my experience of powers of observation is greater than that of the average motorist, but I have to confess that I have not yet seen a collision between two cars where all damage has been obviated by the fitting of bumpers.

On at least three occasions of late I have been held up at roundabouts for quite lengthy periods because mobile policemen have left their cars or motor-cycles and started to control the traffic using these roundabouts. My first impression in each instance was that the policemen were not properly trained in their job, with the result that their efforts caused the greatest confusion, to say nothing of delay. Why they interfered at all is past my comprehension, because the roundabouts were, and are in my opinion, quite capable of dealing with the traffic in the ordinary way. I suppose they noticed that the volume of traffic was perhaps greater than usual and with the best will in the world they started to regulate it.

I can understand that the ordinary set of traffic lights may cease to function as they are intended when the volume of traffic is vastly increased, particularly where a large number of vehicles are not crossing right over the lights, but in the case of a roundabout I am unable to conceive any occasion, except when structural alterations are being made, that warrants the interference of one or more policemen to make the stream circulate properly. Perhaps the police authorities would give this matter some further thought and instruct their officers accordingly.

The good old Kingston by-pass has probably had more words written about it than any other length of road in the United Kingdom. Soon after it was laid down the surface proved unsatisfactory and so the unusual expedient of putting an entirely new surface on top of the old one without disturbing the latter was adopted. Later on it was decided that dual carriageways were desirable, and that work is now proceeding. In order to carry out this plan the existing surface on one half of the road around the various curves has apparently to be scrapped to give the new carriageway the necessary super-elevation required by modern needs. It would not appear that all this chopping and changing about was necessary, for a little intelligent foresight might have obviated it.

The latest addition, apart from the provision of dual carriageways, to this much used highway is the erection of four bridges for pedestrians wishing to cross. I travel on this road two or three times a week and although the bridges have been open for use for some weeks I have only seen one adult and about three children on any of these bridges. To me it is a perfect waste of money to put up such structures, because in order to give the necessary clearance for double-deck buses underneath, the bridges are fairly high and, therefore, necessitate stairways, which must be very tiresome to climb.

Should I wish to cross the road I would certainly prefer to take my chance in running across the ordinary road, particularly as I have only to cross at any one time traffic coming in one direction. Surely it is too much to expect people to climb up these tiring steps when they can run across the flat. If some safer means of crossing than the latter was necessary, underground passages would have been preferable, for then the steps to get to the required level would have been half the length than is now the case. I cannot imagine that there were any serious constructional difficulties to be anticipated in making subways rather than bridges.

THE ALVIS 12-70 SALOON: This model possesses the well-known Alvis performance and perfect road-holding ability. The 4-cylinder power unit is extremely compact and its output is exceptionally smooth and silent

Gilbey's
SPEY ROYAL
Scotch Whisky
(10 YEARS OLD)

It's GOOD – it's GILBEY'S

STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 5

The MacGregors are both the most famous and the principal sept of the Clan MacAlpine, the "Siol Ailpein" which includes the Grants, the MacKinnons, and the MacQuarries. One of the charges in the coat of arms of the Chief of MacGregor is an uprooted pine-tree, and all MacGregors and their kinsmen wear a sprig of pine as their badge. It was Sir Malcolm MacGregor who for a deed of daring won from David II of Scotland the motto "E'en do and spair nocht" a fierce slogan which the MacGregors invariably seem to have justified. Even when their name had been absolutely proscribed after the battle of Glenfruin in 1603 it still guided them; and it was in the years that followed when the clan was nameless that Rob Roy the Scottish Robin Hood, won fame as a despoiler of his hereditary enemies and as a free-booter. Always bonny fighters and leaders of desperate enterprises it was young Evan MacGregor who first entered the Netherbow Port when Edinburgh was captured by Prince Charles Edward in 1745. Old feuds are now nothing more than romantic memories and the title of MacGregor of MacGregor has been officially recognised since 1830.

THE IRISH FLAG FLIES OVER FAMOUS BRITISH FORTS (Continued from page 136)

seen in Merton Hodge's play *The Island*, now running at the Comedy Theatre. The island is obviously Spike Island in Cork harbour, where the author spent some time when an officer in the R.A.M.C. The dullness of the life was however compensated for to some extent by the good social relations which existed between the garrisons and their Irish neighbours and by the excellent sporting facilities on the mainland.

Although we may rejoice that the sound of British guns will no longer be heard across the waters of Cork harbour we shall miss the cheerful company and the ready custom of Tommy Atkins, who was popular with all classes. His place is now taken by Irish soldiers, but as these have naturally no training in the use of fixed garrison artillery a small number of British N.C.O.s and men are seconded for service at the Irish forts in order to instruct their successors. And so on July 11 the Irish tricolour flew from the Cork headlands to proclaim to the world the closing of another chapter in Irish history and the removal of practically the last impediment to Anglo-Irish friendship.

A LETTER ON WEST INDIAN LIFE

(Continued from page 145)

a piece of fat meat or pork. The tin containing this is put on a "coal-pot" containing some smouldering embers of wood charcoal. This coal-pot is a bowl-shaped vessel about 12 ins. in diameter with a grill in the bottom, and standing on a short pedestal.

It is made of clay, but more expensive ones can be bought which are made of cast-iron. Occasionally a piece of fresh fish will be fried.

Many of the men and women who have large families are not married, and very often the various children of one woman will have different fathers.

These children are a kind of insurance to the woman, for when they grow up they must support her in her old age. It has been known for a man and woman to live in this way for years and then suddenly decide to get married, when the eldest son would be the "best man," or the eldest daughter be the "bridesmaid." On one occasion I know of, the woman was a grandmother, but she insisted on being married in a white veil. When a girl leaves home to live with a man her mother will be "vexed" with her, but will do nothing to prevent it. In most cases it is history repeating itself.

My cook came to me one day and asked if she could have the next day off as she had to go to court. I asked her the reason for this, and was given a very fanciful story. She told me that she and her mother had rented a house in town, and that the landlady had borrowed money from time to time. Now my cook was asking for it to be returned, and as the landlady refused to pay, she

CONTINUATIONS

was "taking her to court" to recover it. I gave her the day off.

At night she came up weeping and said the "court had gone against her." The landlady had pleaded that the rent had not been paid for several months and that the arrears were 26s. more than the money borrowed. My cook was ordered to pay this. Moreover, the landlady had been granted 30s. expenses, and my cook had to pay this too. I knew this would be quite a problem to her and was going to give her the 26s.

However, when I phoned the lawyer to check up her story I was given quite another reason for all this money. It turned out that she had been living with a man, had quarrelled with him, and had been put out. When he was at work she went back to his house and removed most of his furniture—30s. worth. He had sued her and had won his case, and had been awarded 26s. expenses. I do not know how she managed to pay it or if it was ever paid.

Donald Sutherland

THE DOOM OF NEVILL'S COURT

(Continued from page 146)

with other houses in 1774. The Moravian Chapel is one of the eight original conventicles where Divine Worship was permitted by the government at the time of the passing of the Toleration Act. In 1789 a famous clergyman, the Rev. Henry Sacheverell, preached a sermon before the Lord Mayor at St. Paul's, in which he held to ridicule the Whig party which was then in power and preached passive obedience to the throne. As a result, he was tried by impeachment and suspended for three years. His trial caused great public interest, and in the riots that followed the Moravian Chapel and Big House were sacked by the mob.

Let us walk under the archway at the New Street end and stroll through Nevill's Court to Fetter Lane. The hand of the demolisher is already heavy upon it. Gone are some picturesque sixteenth-century houses, with overhanging stories and plastered walls. Wooden hoardings on the left-hand side hide a rare prim garden now overgrown with weeds, and behind the hoardings one can hear the thudding of a steam engine and see, raising its head above the smoke-grimed boards, a factory chimney belonging to a firm of lamp manufacturers and engineers.

The greengrocer's, general and cobbler's shops which have stood there since Nevill's Court was a village are all boarded up and waiting for the housebreakers. Until a few years ago these little shops used to be let at 5s. per week and had few customers outside the immediate neighbourhood, except the cobbler who used to mend the shoes of the leading judges and barristers, including Baron Brampton (Sir Henry Hawkins), Lord Russell of Killowen, Lord Carson and other legal luminaries. If you walked down Nevill's Court in May, the houses at the Great New Street end used to be obscured by the golden tresses of the great laburnum tree, said to be the largest in London and believed to have been grown from seed planted by Count Zinzendorff who accompanied the Moravians when they settled here.

The first governor of Victoria, Sir J. La Trobe, was born at No. 10 in 1801. He was the son of a famous musician who had taken orders in the Moravian United Brethren.

Keir Hardie, the first Independent Labour M.P., lived at No. 14, and so did years previously Nellie Moon, the music-hall artist of the '60's or '70's.

Sheridan was arrested by bailiffs in Nevill's Court in 1815 for debt, when he darted from Fetter Lane to elude them. He was taken to Sloman's sponging house in Cursitor Street and confined there for three days until his debts were paid through the Prince Regent's influence with his friends. For a few weeks, towards the end of the nineteenth century, that weird genius W. F. Rolfe, who called himself "Baron Corvo," lived either at No. 7 or No. 8. He was attracted to Nevill's Court because of its rustic character and the fact that the inmates had to go to the common tap to fill their pails with water.

One of the houses that have been recently demolished to make space for the garage at the Fetter Lane end has been reputed for the past three centuries to be haunted.

Sarah Malcolm, who lived in Nevill's Court, was hanged for murder in 1716. One of her victims is said to have lived in the now demolished house. Hogarth both painted and engraved portraits of Sarah and the engravings of this murderess are extremely valuable, as only a few are known to be in existence.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Admiral-of-the-Fleet the Earl of Cork and Orrery broadcast an appeal on behalf of the above Society last Sunday evening. If you did not send a donation please do so to-day and thus help this great work of caring for 1,200 poor boys and girls. The boys who are not trained for a life at sea in the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy are trained for definite trades—careers for which they show a natural aptitude—while the girls are prepared for domestic service. Your donation will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

There is no need to disturb or damage the decoration when wiring existing houses if you use the B.I. Rubber Twin Wiring System. With this safe and efficient system, the wires run unobtrusively along the surface. Write for Booklet of B.I. Wiring Systems suitable for every type of contract.

B.I. WIRING SYSTEMS

BRITISH INSULATED CABLES LIMITED, PRESCOT, LANCS.

BARR & STROUD BINOCULARS

Visit our stand E58
Palace of Engineering
EMPIRE EXHIBITION
Glasgow

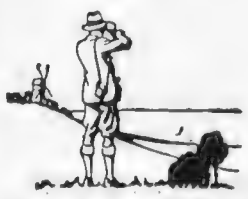
The percentage of light transmitted to the eye through Barr & Stroud Binoculars has never been exceeded, this brilliancy, together with the sharp definition, is very important when viewing objects under conditions of poor visibility.

All models are light in weight and have a beautiful permanent finish.

The range of 19 models includes a 7 × 50 glass that has been adopted for general use in the British Navy and also various Monoculars.

OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING RETAILERS

Type CF 30. 7 × 50 Binocular ADOPTED FOR GENERAL USE IN THE BRITISH NAVY



List S. and booklet "CHOOSING A BINOCULAR" post free on request.

BARR & STROUD LTD., Anniesland, Glasgow, and 15, Victoria St., London, S.W.1

This England . . .

Near Itchen Stoke—Hants

MUCH talk is there and testing of the noise in our great towns, and many there are who crave the stilly, moon-laved nights of England's countryside. Yet in the hush a single noise is twice as maddening. Hooves in the stable, the rattle of the old bull's chain, the errant fox that stirs the distant dogs . . . even the nightingale, can rob the townbred guest of sleep as surely as the traffic roar will craze the countryman. However it may be, the noise does harm—and we must stay our nerves as did our fathers against tumults of another sort. For stamina they brewed themselves great ale, and to this day your Worthington (so are its tonic properties preserved) will help the body build itself against the restless mind.

. . . by Worthington

Imprisoned and forlorn, the dying Shah Jahan had one gem of consolation..... his beloved wife's Taj Mahal, flawless then as it is to-day

When Shah Jahan was still an imperious Mogul prince, they married him to a shy young Persian girl, Mumtaz Mahal. For fourteen years, through all the excitement of winning an Emperor's throne, then amid the glitter and intrigue of the richest Court in the East, Mumtaz Mahal held Shah Jahan's unceasing love. At thirty-nine she died; the lord of Hindustan was prostrate.... 'Empire has no sweetness for me, life no relish.' He resolved to build her a Memorial such as men had never seen before. He summoned architects, builders and sculptors from East and West; he brought Jasper from Persia, Onyx from the Mountains, Lapis from Ceylon, Gold Stone from Arabia. All were fashioned by the craft of centuries into a requiem in marble, white and unearthly by the majestic Jumna. Opposite he planned his own Tomb in jet black marble with a silver bridge between the two, so that he and his beloved might meet and commune for ever. But it was not to be; his treacherous son seized the Peacock Throne while he died in the Jasmine Tower at Agra... with his eyes upon the Taj.

To-day, as you gaze from that same Jasmine Tower, you will see Shah Jahan's masterpiece as he saw and loved it... catching the pink of sunrise, gleaming white at mid-day, silvery in the Tropic moonlight. Every foot of India is hallowed ground... visit India and you turn back the brightest pages of history.

Travel is inexpensive, trains are comfortable, and, in some cases, air-conditioned. India offers much in other ways; in sport, amusement, scenic glories. Once in your life, at least, you must come to India... re-live an old world and see a new one building.

INDIA

INDIAN RAILWAYS BUREAU, 57, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1. TELEPHONE: WHITEHALL 1171

or any authorised Tourist Agency

Keymer

Drawn by Percy Home

A GATEWAY TO FRANCE: The old Port d'Ouest at Dieppe—the last remnant of the once mighty fortifications of this pleasant northern seaport town through which so many travellers pass on their way from London to Paris

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

GOING CONTINENTAL

Some Playgrounds of Europe and Their Peculiar Charms for the Holiday-maker from These Shores

ALTHOUGH they were reluctant to talk about it, the people who cater for travel viewed with no little concern the unrest in Central Europe in the early summer. They are now much happier about it, and with public confidence restored the remaining weeks of the holiday season will see great activity at the cross-channel ports and at those places from which the cruising liners sail. A very large portion of that traffic will be of the organised and escorted type. It is a great institution and is extraordinarily well done by people who you may say know inside out the best places for tourists. Most people like to have things done for them, and, if they lead busy lives right up to the time of departure they do not want to be bothered with working out all the details. Others think of the places they want to see and hand the rough itinerary over to the agency experts to make the necessary arrangements. Then there is a third group, not so much in evidence, particularly at this time of year, who revel in maps, time-tables, currencies, and go their own sweet way. Perhaps they are the salt of the travel world, the pioneers aspiring to do the things and see the places that others do not, but I am sure that it is not the view of those who are in travel as a business.

Inevitably, the parts of the Continent nearest these shores will get the bulk of our tourist traffic, and from the Scheldt to the Loire you will hear much English spoken. The sands of the Belgian coast become one great playground and the choice of headquarters is wide. Knocke is the fashionable spot, La Panne, the one nearest the French frontier, is developing, and cosmopolitan Ostend is all-embracing. You meet most unexpected people there; they must be those who get enjoyment out of being in a happy-go-lucky holiday crowd. Belgium has very much more than sand and sea for her visitors, and I cannot imagine many of those who play on her beaches not feeling something of the spell of the old inland centres and the charm of the Ardennes.

It is impossible in a general travel article to pick out more than a few points about France which may suggest aspects of the country you have not yet considered. There is the Loire Valley, for instance. The countryside is very pleasing, and if your taste is for chateaux you will be kept busy. Orleans, full of history in which we British have a special interest; Blois, with its royal castle, and Tours, a riverside city of considerable beauty, are the best centres for the tourist. If at the end a little rest is indicated, there are some sandy beaches near the mouth of the river.

Then there is the country that lies between Paris and Dunkerque. It has many architectural treasures—Amiens, the great rival of Rheims, and many other famous Gothic churches—and centuries of history. The recovery from the greatest conflict of all is striking. One of the quaintest places is Bergues, right on the Belgian frontier. This walled city of the late Middle Ages is missed by many tourists. The loss is theirs.

If you are going to the southern shores of France you will in these days see more of your countrymen than was the case in summer-time years ago. They do not avoid the Riviera because it is warm; they will go a long way to be sure of blazing sunshine. People who know the Riviera will have their favourite spots, and just at the moment I have a preference for Cap d'Antibes, tempered by sea breezes. Close at hand are the old town of Antibes and gay Juan-les-Pins; a little farther off on one side Cannes, on the other, Nice.

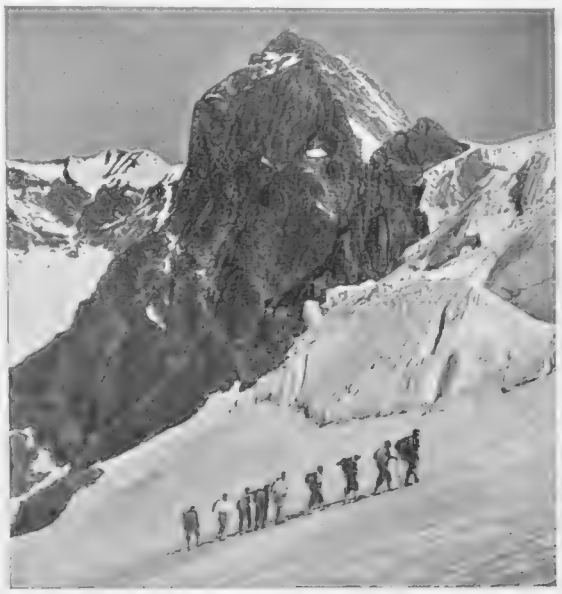
What I have said of France is equally true of Italy, and having taken your thoughts to Mediterranean waters we may as well move along the coast to the Ligurian Riviera with such gems as Bordighera, Alassio, Rapallo, St. Margherita and Portofino. Perhaps you would like to go farther south to Capri, and that other little place of unfailing charm, Amalfi.

We are rather inclined to think of Italy in relation to rather prolonged holidays, but air travel has made a golfing week-end in the Italian Alps a practical possibility. You leave Croydon at breakfast time on Saturday, are in Turin in time for lunch, and continuing by car can have a round of golf before dinner at Sestriere. The return is on Tuesday and you are at Croydon early in the afternoon. You can play golf all the week-end if you want to, or combine it with a wire-rope railway journey up the mountains. Venice, Milan and even Rome are comfortable possibilities.

Coming back to those who are spending more time in the country, I would commend to them at this time of the year the Italian Lakes. Maggiore is a good start, and if possible have a peep at the little Lake of Orta, considered by some to be the best of all. Your way to Maggiore will probably be the Simplon, and that brings us to Switzerland.

They are having a wonderful season in that country. It seems to escape the political tremors, but another factor is that you get a bit more for your money this year. I am sure if you look through a volume of photographs of Switzerland you will find it very hard to pick out from so much scenic grandeur any one place eclipsing all others; you will want to see them all. On a first visit it would be wise to choose one of the best known centres, say Geneva, Berne or Lucerne and get round from there as much as possible. You can then pick out the most appealing spots for subsequent visits. It is a good thing to make up your mind before booking a hotel whether you want to be on the lake shore or mountain slope.

Many people who go to Switzerland see something of the Rhineland on the way, and that will certainly give them holiday ideas. For others the Rhineland is the prelude to Switzerland, and they must have the real roaming instinct to avoid resting content with the valley of the great waterway and those equally attractive valleys of its lesser streams. The Black Forest stands high in the affections of our holiday-makers. These things touch only the fringe of the country's scenic resources, and if you want to try another aspect of German life I would suggest the Baltic, Swinemunde being perhaps the best known.



A PLACE IN THE ENGADINE SUN: A scene in the Pontresina region of Switzerland; a district as attractive in summer as in winter. It is nearly 6,000 ft. above sea level, amid pines and peaks. Pontresina's ski-ing grounds are justly world famous and perfect snow conditions usually remain until April, sometimes later

Across that sea are lands of unfailing charm. Scandinavia does not offer holidays at bargain prices, but the more selective traveller does not regret that. I hear that in one series of tours there are few vacancies.

If you want to go farther afield in Europe there are the distinctive appeals of Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Yugoslavia, but another part of the world claims the rest of my space. In this period of long holidays there are exceptional facilities for visiting North America. The Canadian Pacific have a system of standard six-city tours, visiting Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Niagara, Toronto and New York, but they may be extended to include Chicago, Washington and Atlantic City. On August 11 the *Empress of Australia* sails from Southampton, and on her arrival at Quebec a thirty-days tour may be taken across Canada to the Rockies.

Beverley Brooke

NEW GLORY OF LOUVAIN: The Flemish style University Library, which was destroyed in the great war, as it appears in its restored form. Belgium owes an abiding debt of gratitude to American philanthropists for defraying the cost of re-building

RHINELAND REFLECTIONS: Schloss Kreuzberg crowning a wooded hill beside the Ahr, one of the many tributaries of the Rhine which it joins between Bonn and Coblenz. The place is renowned among connoisseurs for a spicy-flavoured red wine

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

WHERE THE CRUISING LINERS GO

Some Interesting Itineraries Planned for the Coming Months

HEART OF ISTANBUL: The renowned Galata Bridge where the visitor gains a picturesque vision of this almost wholly eastern metropolis. Istanbul will quite shortly be visited by the P. & O. cruising liner *Strathallan*

THERE are still several weeks of the summer cruising season to run, though, of course, there are departures right through the autumn and winter. Next week-end is the busiest of the whole year, when some fifteen liners will leave the ports of this country on cruises varying from six to twenty-three days. Eleven of them will be bound for the Baltic or Norwegian ports, and some of them combine the two. It is not too late to get places in some of them, but there has been a big demand for accommodation in the last few weeks; in fact, the bookings for August are very good indeed.

About the middle of the month some of them will be setting out again on different itineraries, though northern waters are still in favour. The *Strathallan* (P. & O.) is one of the exceptions and on her return from the Baltic is going on the very attractive run to Istanbul. Another is by the *President Dal Piaz* (French Line) from Marseilles to Genoa, *Civita Vecchia* (for Rome), Naples, *Stromboli* to Reggio de Calabre in the Straits of Messina, then to Malta and on to Tripoli and Sfax on the North African coast before returning to Marseilles. This cruise occupies ten days. Another vessel of the French Line, the *Colombie*, has a Baltic cruise in August, leaving Havre on the 6th.

The C.P.R. struck a very popular note with their "Mont" cruises and there are departures every Saturday until October 8. Next week and on August 13 the *Montcalm* will go to the Baltic but all the other cruises in this series are to the south. The October cruises touch Italy.

BIRD IN HAND: A fair cruising passenger makes acquaintance with a little visitor at a port of call in Mediterranean waters

GENOA, BIRTHPLACE OF COLUMBUS, has a great maritime tradition and to-day rivals Marseilles as the leading port of the Mediterranean. Flanking it on either side are Italian Riviera resorts of almost tropical loveliness

The Royal Mail's *Atlantis* has been seen in many waters this summer and next week is off to Spitzbergen and the Ice Barrier. She follows that with the Northern Capitals and the Kiel Canal, leaving on August 12, and at the beginning of September has one of the most alluring itineraries of the season. Brioni, Venice, Corfu and Dubrovnik are just a few of the places she will visit. She has two October cruises to the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Isles.

The Orient Line's programme runs on for some time. The *Orford*, carrying two classes, leaves for the Mediterranean on July 30 and again on August 13. Each time there is a sufficiently long stop at Monte Carlo and Naples to let you have a good look round. The *Orcades* goes

(Continued on page 160)

Autumn Cruises

From LIVERPOOL
in the well-known cruising liner
"LANCASTRIA"

Here are three delightful cruises which should appeal to the late holiday maker. The cruise beginning Oct. 8th allows ample time to see something of the glories of Greece, whilst the stay at Alexandria will enable passengers, who so desire, to spend two full days at Cairo

SEPT. 3
Gibraltar, Tangier, Villefranche, Lisbon
13 days
from 17 gns.

SEPT. 17
Lisbon, Casablanca, Las Palmas, Santa Cruz, Madeira.
14 days
from 18 gns.

OCT. 8
Lisbon, Malta, Athens, Gibraltar, Alexandria.
22 days
from 28 gns.

WINTER CRUISES

WEST INDIES & SOUTH AMERICA
"Laconia" 20,000 tons
from Liverpool Jan. 26
Southampton Jan. 28
52 days from 100 gns.

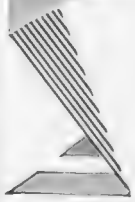
"FRANCONIA" ROUND THE WORLD
Dec. 1938 to June. 1939
36 ports — 44,000 miles
from 410 gns. including standard shore excursions

Write for further particulars to your local office or Cunard White Star Ltd., Liverpool, London.

Cunard White Star

Tradition of Safety

to New York



ILE DE FRANCE

NORMANDIE

CHAMPLAIN

DE GRASSE

PARIS

★ A luxury fleet unsurpassed in the World. Manned by traditional seafaring folk — Normans and Bretons. Officered with Navy-like discipline and exactitude. Arrivals to the very minute and at convenient hours—thanks to reserve power.

★ Sailing at really convenient times, from Southampton in the evening.

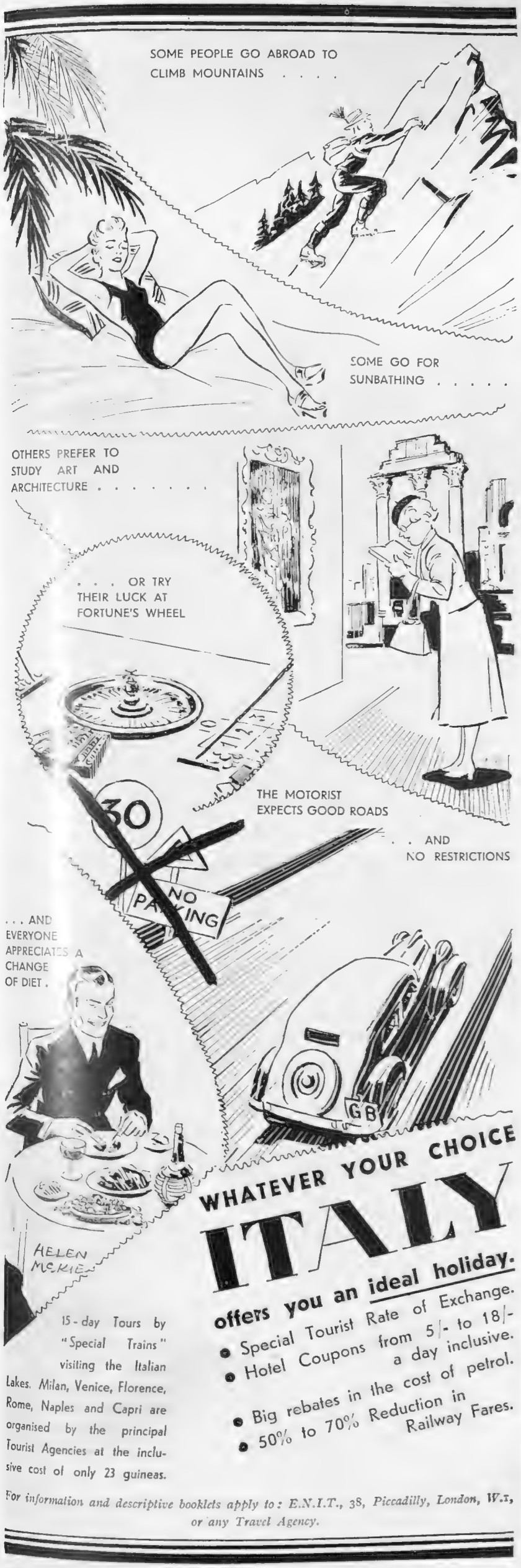
★ The choicest of cuisine in an elegant setting—and always a distinguished passenger list.

★ The leaders of Society, Art, Learning, Politics, Stage, Screen and Sport, all travel "French Line."

French Line C G T

20, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1
or your usual Travel Agent—his expert advice and services cost you nothing.

DA 105



WHATEVER YOUR CHOICE

ITALY

offers you an ideal holiday.

- Special Tourist Rate of Exchange.
- Hotel Coupons from 5/- to 18/- a day inclusive.
- Big rebates in the cost of petrol.
- 50% to 70% Reduction in Railway Fares.

15-day Tours by "Special Trains" visiting the Italian Lakes, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples and Capri are organised by the principal Tourist Agencies at the inclusive cost of only 23 guineas.

For information and descriptive booklets apply to: E.N.I.T., 38, Piccadilly, London, W.1, or any Travel Agency.

'ATLANTIS'

AUTUMN CRUISES

SCORE over the seasons. Sail into another summer aboard 'Atlantis.' Charming Venice . . . magic Capri . . . romantic Madeira . . . fresh delights with each port of call, carefree do-as-you-please days afloat. And all to a background of faultless service. Just choose your cruise.

SEPT. 2	Adriatic and Venice	**24** days from **41** gns.
SEPT. 30	Mediterranean	**18** days from **31** gns.
OCT. 21	Atlantic Islands	**15** days from **26** gns.

Also CHRISTMAS CRUISE **DEC. 22**

★

'ATLANTIS' WINTER CRUISE 1939

JAN. 25 to the WEST INDIES, SPANISH MAIN and FLORIDA. **55** days. Fares from **110** gns.

Write for illustrated folders

ROYAL MAIL

ROYAL MAIL LINES, LTD., America House, Cockspur St., S.W.1 (Whitehall 9646), Royal Mail House, Leadenhall St., E.C.3 (Mansion House 0522), and at Southampton, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow or Local Agents.

SPECIAL WINTER TOUR

Round SOUTH AMERICA

VIA STRAITS OF MAGELLAN AND PANAMA CANAL

& WEST INDIES

Reina del Pacifico

From Liverpool - 11 Jan.
20,000 miles 75 days

The "Sunshine Ship"

THE PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION Co

GOREE·WATER·STREET·LIVERPOOL·3·OR LOCAL TOURIST AGENTS

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

Regd. Trade Mark.

FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR.
IT PROMOTES THE GROWTH, GIVES LIFE AND LUSTRE, AND LONG DELAYS BALDNESS.

3/6, 7/-, and 10/6
from Chemists, Stores & Hairdressers.

Send for Free Booklet on the Hair.

A. ROWLAND & SONS, LTD.,
22, LAYSTALL STREET, ROSEBERY AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.1

July is the month
to visit Brighton, before the crowds arrive. Come down now for a week-end, a week or a month and stay in delightful surroundings at

THE NEW DUDLEY HOTEL
HOVE BRIGHTON

With its American bar, its magnificent new lounge and its fine cuisine, it is now a centre of gaiety and good living; while remaining, both in situation and atmosphere, completely quiet and comfortably select. 80 bedrooms, all with running water and telephone: many private baths. Terms from 5½ gns. a week. Resident proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. F. Kung (Swiss), late of the May Fair Hotel, London. Tel.: Hove 6266.

Quiet Country Magnificence—
in a superbly built country house hotel, 700 ft. up in 50-acre grounds. A wonderful motoring and hunting centre in a mild yet bracing climate.

Coombe House Hotel SHAFTESBURY

Ballroom. Lift. Running softened water. Write for details or 'phone: 130
A.A., R.A.C. Fully Licensed

For Luxury without Extravagance—stay at

The POLYGON

SOUTHAMPTON'S FINEST HOTEL

Telephone: SOUTHAMPTON 5061

WEYMOUTH
Sunshine !

GLOUCESTER HOTEL

Comfort !

Telephone: Weymouth 405
THE HONYWOOD HOTELS DORSET

ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

RIPON SPA HOTEL LONDON 213 MILES

3 MILES FROM THE GREAT NORTH ROAD
CLOSE TO RIPON CATHEDRAL & FOUNTAINS ABBEY

A convenient centre for Yorkshire Dales. Luxuriously appointed and standing in grounds of 20 acres. Private Suites. Cocktail Lounge. Sun Lounge. Visited in 1937 by over 8,000 motorists. Telephone: Ripon 48

In Quest o

Both Forces Content while Mimi the "George" at Odiham: A

THERE were army manœuvres on when I ran into the long wide street of the little town of Odiham in Hampshire last week. At that particular hour a "battle" was in full force. As an eye-witness just arrived on the scene, it was difficult to know what it was all about, but after a little intelligence work I assumed that one force, A, was being attacked and in danger of serious defeat by army B, and that the objective of the battle was the possession of the George Hotel at Odiham.

Of course, my surmise may have been entirely wrong, but I did overhear some field officers expressing in no mild terms their indignation at having to abandon the George and retire on Ascot.

Odiham, as one usually finds it, is placid and picturesque, and when "peace" is declared both victors and vanquished will have the satisfaction of knowing that they can meet in the friendly bar of the George and fight their battles all over again.

It was almost four years since I was last at this old-world inn and its character has not changed one iota. There is that same feeling of "Here is something out of the ordinary rut." There is the same dining-room with its polished tables and gleaming silver. The walls are still adorned with sporting prints and cartoons. Even the George parrot is still on duty.

Apropos of parrots, the following story should be recorded about our friend at the George, and has, I believe, been broadcast in the Children's Hour. This parrot, which during the reign of the late proprietor used to reside in the bar, noted his master's habit when there was rather a rush of saying to his patrons, at the same time nodding his head, "One at a time, please, gentlemen, one at a time." Some time afterwards the parrot, who was allowed out of his cage from time to time, made his escape and could not be found anywhere. Eventually he was discovered in a field completely denuded of all his feathers, encircled by rooks, to whom he was nodding and repeating "One at a time, please, gentlemen, one at a time"!

While I suggest that the parrot at the George alone is worth visiting, there is much else to attract the business or professional man or woman who is on the look-out for a really lovable inn right off the beaten track, where they can be assured of genial company, genuine comfort, and really good English food. Although Odiham is neglected by the average motorist travelling through Hampshire, it is very easily get-at-able, being only 43 miles from London, while for the golfer it has the advantage of being close to Bramshott.

I left the "battle-field" of Odiham, and, via a land of fern and pines, arrived by a devious route on the Portsmouth road at Liphook. Here all who travel

Pied-a-terre . . .

must be *comfortable*—luxurious beds and appointments in every bedroom.
must be *central*—the hotel overlooks Hyde Park and is immediately accessible to all parts of the West End and City.
must be *economical*—the terms are surprisingly moderate and offer incomparable value. All the essentials of a pied-a-terre are found at the Alexandra.

The Alexandra

HYDE PARK CORNER - - LONDON, S.W.1

140 rooms with running water, central heating, and telephone.
Write or telephone SLOane 4521

SELSDON PARK HOTEL

SANDERSTEAD • SURREY

'Phone: Sanderstead 2301

Half an hour from the City and West End, yet over 500 ft. up on the Surrey Hills.

FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yards) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

Illustrated brochure free on request.

Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent sofarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, swimming, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths. Moderate inclusive terms.

SELSDON COURT HOTEL, in same park, at first tee of Golf Course. Inclusive summer terms from 4½ gns. per week.

SCOTLAND

Edinburgh's most modern hotel is

NOW OPEN

The NEW CARLTON strikes a fresh note, and is the first in Edinburgh to have a **PRIVATE BATHROOM WITH EVERY BEDROOM.** Room telephone service, giving immediate attention to guests' requirements, with central heating in each of its hundred charmingly furnished rooms. The charges are moderate—from **12/6**, including breakfast and private bathroom; dinner **5/6**. the New Carlton is a luxury hotel in the fullest sense of the word. Beautiful decorations, every comfort; Restaurant, Lounges, Ballroom and the very attractive **SILVER GRILL** where, before the open charcoal fire, food which has been pronounced by visitors as the best Scotland, may be enjoyed in delightful surroundings.

The hotel faces Princes Street, adjacent to Waverley Station.

NEW CARLTON HOTEL

Telephone: Edinburgh 32811 (4 lines). Fully licensed—no bars NORTH BRIDGE, EDINBURGH *Telegrams:* "Bestotel, Edinburgh"

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

War Rages in the Vicinity of Sidelight on the Army Manœuvres

this highway must be cognisant of the Royal Anchor Hotel with its famous chestnut tree doing sentinel duty outside the front porch. Unlike some of our historic inns, the Anchor at Liphook has never deteriorated, and I have rarely been over a road-side house which is in more perfect condition both as regards structure and decoration.

Every bedroom literally shone with cleanliness. There were bedside lights, Vi-spring mattresses, and let it be noted for forthcoming winter days, every bedroom is amply centrally heated. Actually, when passing through the corridors one instinctively feels that the bedrooms are going to be nice, for the walls of the former are decorated in white and it is only good furniture and good carpets which can stand up to such a scheme of decoration.

I visited the Nelson room where he used to stay on his way to Portsmouth, and the room which Queen Victoria used to occupy, but the room that I would select is one of several looking out from the back of the house on to gardens and a fine panoramic view.

Recently the Royal Anchor Hotel has been taken over by Mrs. Wright, whom many will remember at De Hems, and I was very interested to hear from her that while, naturally, they make a speciality at the Royal Anchor of English cooking, they are going to encourage particularly grills and a la carte meals in place of the laborious table d'hote dinner which motorists in particular rarely want.

The Royal Anchor is not only a favourite halting place for motorists on and off the Portsmouth road, but is becoming increasingly popular amongst golfers, thanks to the excellent facilities for golf at Liphook and Hindhead.

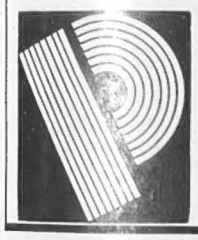
IN ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT

M. J. P., Cheltenham.—Dorset is as good as any country for finding places off the beaten track, and though I hesitate to publicise such places, you will, if you want to have a sea view and country surroundings, find an excellent holiday hotel called the Manor House at Bexington on Sea, which lies between Bridport and Weymouth. On the other hand, if you would like more a farm-guest-house type of holiday write to Mrs. Fanning, Long Mead, Winterborne Whitechurch. It lies off the Blandford-Dorchester road. Although it is off the beaten track it is, with a car, an excellent centre for anywhere in Dorset.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

SCOTLAND—*continued*

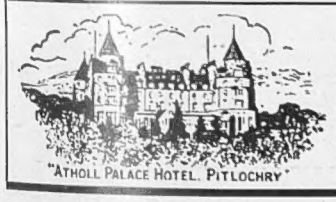
Peebles among the Pines for Pleasure



From the first sweet breath of its pine-clad hill air, Peebles gives health and pleasure; in the heart of the romantic Scottish Borderland, with a gay round of pleasures to make every day of your stay memorable. Golf Competitions, Swimming Galas, Tennis Tournaments, Putting, Croquet, Badminton; Bridge Drives, Resident Orchestra, Dancing every evening. Fully licensed. 50 miles from Empire Exhibition. Tariff free.

PEEBLES HYDRO

Ⓛ



"ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL, PITLOCHRY"

ATHOLL PALACE HOTEL

In the heart of the glorious Highlands with the comforts and enterprise of a modern palatial Hotel. Golf, Tennis, Swimming (indoor and out), Dancing, etc. Programme, "Highland Occasions," and Tariff free.

PITLOCHRY, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND

EDINBURGH **THE ALISON HOTEL**
Melville Crescent

Equipped with modern conveniences which make for comfort and prompt service. Centrally situated.

Telephone 31295 — Telegrams: Melcrest, Edinburgh

IN THE CLACHAN OF ABERFOYLE

In the Highlands of Rob Roy, this modern Hotel with the world-famous "Bailie's Bar." Situated at "The Gateway to the Highlands," ideal for visiting the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, etc. Fishing on Loch Chon and Loch Ard free to visitors. Open all the year. Fully Licensed. Only 27 miles from the Empire Exhibition. Story of "The Bailie" free with Tariff.

Resident Proprietor: Alastair D. Cameron.

'Phones: Aberfoyle **202-3.** *'Grams:* "ABUNDANCE, ABERFOYLE."

THE BAILIE NICOL JARVIE HOTEL

Ⓛ

Right in the heart of romantic Scotland the

FOREST HILLS HOTEL

offers you all the amenities of an up-to-date hotel in the metropolis. Running water in every bedroom. A cuisine above reproach. Golf. Motoring. Free Fishing. Tele. Kinloch Ard, 210. Fully Licensed.

LOCH ARD — ABERFOYLE — PERTHSHIRE

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor Regis.—"Dalbeattie." Private Hotel.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Brockenhurst.—Carey's Manor Hotel. A.A.***
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Cromer.—The Cliftonville Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Felixstowe (Suffolk).—Grand Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4065.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lee-on-Sea (Devon).—Southcliffe Hall Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Newquay.—Hotel Bristol, on sea front. Tel. 257.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles)
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Cornwall).—Pedn Olva Hotel.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Salcombe (Devon).—Beadon Prior Htl. Tel. 193
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury.—Coombe House Hotel.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southampton.—The Polygon Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.
Ripon (213).—Spa Hotel.
Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.
Seaview.—Pier Hotel. Phone, Seaview 6.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Aberfoyle.—Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel.
Aviemore.—Aviemore Hotel for the Cairngorms.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Dunblane.—Dunblane Hotel Hydro.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748 9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glencoe.—Glencoe Hotel. Tel. Ballachulish 45.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Peebles.—Peebles Hydro.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

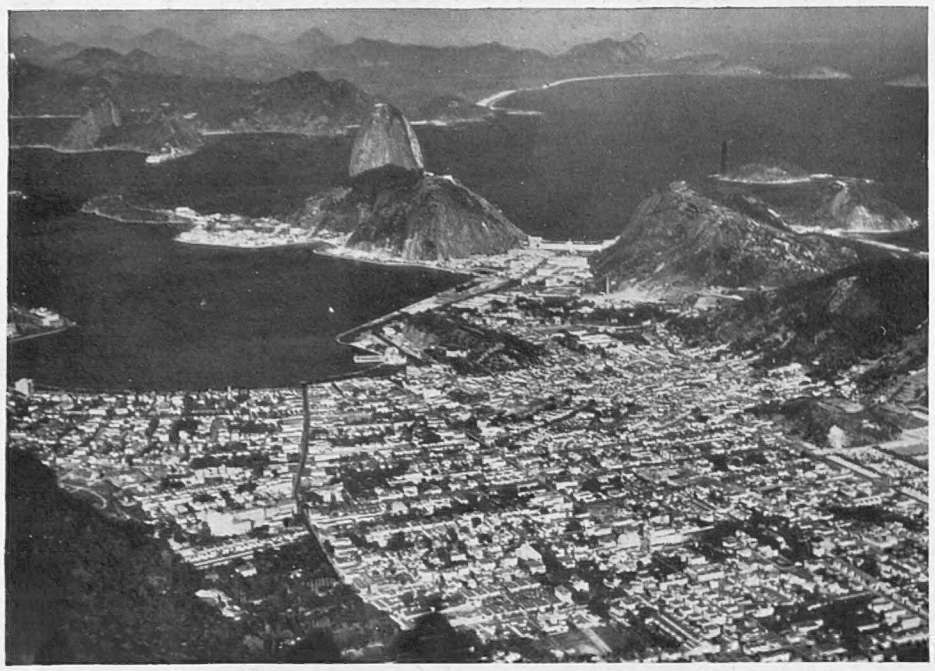
Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.



RIO'S OFT-SUNG CHARMS are hard to exaggerate, for there natural beauties and man-made amenities combine in no uncertain fashion to delight the traveller. In the middle distance is the Sugar Loaf peak, and in the foreground streets laid out in orderly plan

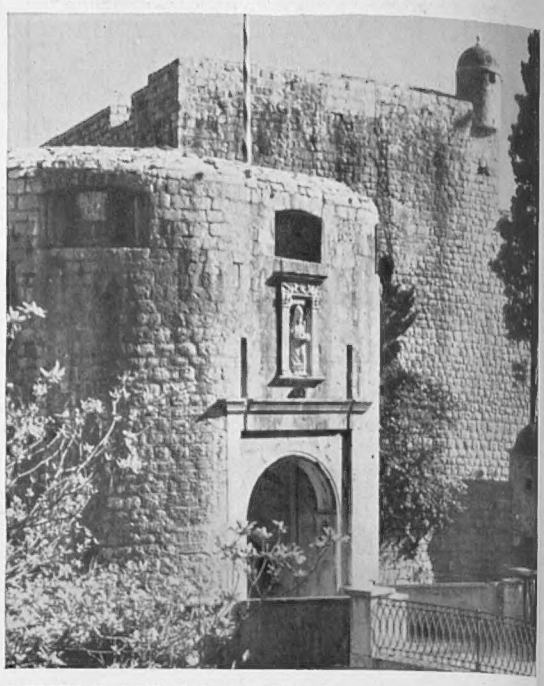
Where the CRUISING LINERS GO

(*Continued from page* 156)

to the Baltic on August 6 and the *Orion* leaves on August 20 for Istanbul via Adriatic ports and Rhodes. That cruise occupies twenty-four days and is one of the best in the cruising programme.

The Cunard White Star's *Lancastria* has her Bank Holiday cruise in the Mediterranean and spends a full day and night at both Naples and Villefranche. After three shorter cruises she completes her programme with a glorious autumn one. She sails on October 8 to Greece and Egypt, and the itinerary allows two full days in Cairo. It is a lovely time of the year to be there.

Shore excursions at the ports of call of the C.P.R., Orient steamers, and the *Atlantis* and *Lancastria* are organised by Thomas Cook and Son.



MEDIEVAL DUBROVNIK: The old fortress is one of many picturesque sights in this formerly much-conquered and now much-visited town of the Dalmatian coast

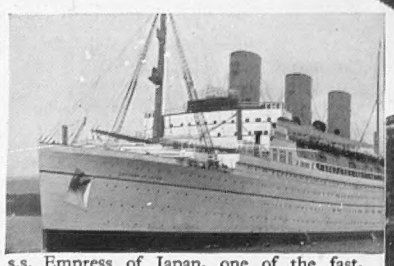
PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD, viewed from the deck of a British cruising vessel. A tour among the verdant West Indian islands is a delightful experience

AMID THE RUINS OF KARNAK: A visitor among the monuments of old Egypt

Travel Round-the World via Honolulu — dream island of the Pacific . . .

Tours from £160/2. FIRST CLASS

Go your own way—in your own time—stopping when and where you like, and for as long as you like That's the way to see the World—the way you want to see it—and the cost is surprisingly low. Canadian Pacific Independent World Tour Service offers you a variety of ideas in World travel and every assistance in planning your trip. *Ask for Independent World Tours Folder.*



s.s. Empress of Japan, one of the fast, modern "White Empresses of the Pacific" in regular service Vancouver-Victoria to Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong Kong & Manila.

Visit the Orient—fascinating and colourful, with its age-old ceremonial customs, quaint costumes and picturesque buildings. Canadian Pacific organisation spans the globe—makes world-travel easy.

For Further Particulars–Your Local Agent or

Canadian Pacific

Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2 (*WHItehall 5100*)
and 103 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4—*July* 23, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hours from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Brussels.—Atlanta Hotel.—First class. Central but very quiet. Cosy. Modern. All rooms with bath. Single 10/-, double 14/-. 200 rooms.

Brussels.—Hotel Metropole.—
The leading hotel.
The finest hotel rooms in the World.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near Golf, Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates. Open Whitsun.

Knocke-Zoute.—Rubens Hotel.—Best first-class hotel facing sea. Near Casino, golf, tennis. Apply for prospectus M. Vandenbosch.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Imperial.—Exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season, April 15 to October 15. Prospectus.

Franzensbad.—
Hotel Königsvilla.—
The Leading Hotel

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Jubile, 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Private suites.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tennis, swim. Incl. frm 110 frs., with bath frm 135 frs.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera.—Navirotel.—Near Cannes' golf Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea. Opposite Swimming Pool. First-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—
Brenner's Stephanie.—
The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest)
Brenners Parkhotel,
Family Hotel de Luxe.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.
Jeschke's Grand Hotel.
The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.

Cologne, Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. hotel, quiet sit., home fr. home, incl. trms, fr. RM. 7.00.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6.—75 Pr. B, fr. 9.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room. Bar.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms

Garmisch-Partenkirchen.—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Lead'g hotel in Bavarian Alps. Cen. sit. Every com. Prospec. thro' propr.: Hanns Kilian.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—
First-class. Quiet location in old park.
Rooms from RM.5.

Königswinter o/Rh.—Kurhotel Petersberg.—Highest cl. Overl. Rhine Valley. Motor road. Rack rail. Gars. Sports. Pen fm Mks. 12.50.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Lindau (Lake Constance).—Hotel Bad Schachen.—First cl. throughout, 200 rms, private beach, extensive park, tennis courts, moderate terms.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—The leading house at moderate prices. 240 beds, 100 bathrooms. Prop.: Fritz Gabler.

Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel "Der Königshof" Karlsplatz.—First class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich.—The new **Hotel Excelsior,** near the Hauptbahnhof. First-class, modern, and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest) Landhaus Fuchs.—20 mls. Baden-Baden, cnty. hse. dsgnd. fr. few, private swimming pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

more than a name....

The vast capacity of our Bonded Warehouses enables us to maintain exceptional stocks of Whisky, largely the produce of our own Distilleries. This supply under our own control is your insurance that not a bottle is released until it is thoroughly and satisfactorily matured. . . . "Highland Queen" is *more than a name.*

HIGHLAND QUEEN

SCOTCH WHISKY

PRODUCT OF THE LARGEST INDEPENDENT DISTILLERS IN SCOTLAND

MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD.

LEITH, EDINBURGH; also GLASGOW & LONDON

GERMANY—*continued.*

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ITALY.

Genoa.
Hotel Savoia Majestic.
Coupon d'hotel (a) at the Station.

MADEIRA.

Funchal.—New English Hotel.—Ideal positn. Sun blcnies. Close to new "Lido" (free to gsts). Pens. 10/6 dly. Detls fr. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd.

SWITZERLAND.

Bürgenstock (Lake of Lucerne).—Le Grand Hôtel.—Holiday resort. Golf, tennis, bathing beach.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1938. Rooms from 6 frs. Full board, frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

Geneva.—Metropole & National.—Comfortable hotel on lake side, nearest to business centre. Rooms from Fr. 6. Pension from Fr. 14.

Glion (2,200 ft. ab. sea level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead Htl. lowest rates. View of Lk. Geneva. Ten. Gar. 15 mins. fr. Montreux.

Grindelwald.—Bear Gd. Hotel.—The gay centre for holiday-makers. Tennis, swimming, excursions, amusements. Terms from Sh.14.

Gstaad.—Bernerhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland Style. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming.

Gunten.—Park Hotel (Lake Thun).—Full south on lake front. Large Park. Garage. 1st cl. fam. hotel. Bathing. Tenn. Golf. Pens. fm. Fr. 12.50.

Interlaken.—Grand Hotel Victoria-Jungfrau.—Finest sitn. on main prom. facing Jungfrau, absolutely first-class. Pension rate from fr. 17.

Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Renwnd. for fine sit., ex. cooking & cmft. Rms. fm. Fr. 6. Pens. rate fm. Fr. 14.—garage, tennis, swm. pool.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Klosters.—Grand Hotel Vereina.—1st class. Home of best English Society. All Summer Sports. Lake bathing. Pen. terms fm. Frs. 15.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne.—Hotel Meurice.—On the lake. 110 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—First-class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Fr. 5. Inclusive from Fr. 12.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest sit. Very comfortable. Excellent catering. Weekly terms. incl. tips, £3 5s. No taxes.

Lausanne-Ouchy.—Beau-Rivage-Palace.—The leading family hotel in splendid park on shores of the Lake of Geneva.

Lenk (Bernese Oberland).—Sport-Hotel Wildstrubel.—Alpine flora at its best, easy walks and mount. tours. Every comfort. Terms fr. Fr. 10.

Lenzerheide (Grisons).—The Schweizerhof.—In own large grounds. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. En pension rates from Frs. 13.–

Lucerne.—Hotel Balances & Bellevue.—1st.-cl. fmly htl, ev. comf., qt. sit., lvly vw. on lake & mntns, op.-air res. Pens. fr. 13.50. J. Haecky, pr.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st class. Finest situation on lake. Mod. terms. Private sun and lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Gar.

Lucerne.—Grand National.—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lucerne.—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake shore. Quiet, yet central.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

Mont Pelerin, Grand Hotel.—Mst. cntl. & btfl. spt. fr. rt. & hols., 3,000 ft. up; mg. vw. ovr. Lke. Geneva; easy ac. all dsts.; tms. fm. 12s. a day.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

Oberhofen (Lake Thun) Hotel Victoria. Leading in position and quality. Every comfort. Park. Grge. Bathing. Tennis. Pension fm. frc. 9.50.

Rheinfelden-Spa, 11 miles from Basle.—**Hotel Salines.**—140 bds, beau. qt. sit. on r. Rhine, lrge. pk. Minrl. bths in htl. Incl. trms frm Frs. 12.50.

Spiez.—Park Hotel.—Ab. village, 5 mins. fm. stn. Delight. walks. Mar. view. Ex. cooking. Pen. room w.r.w. fm. 9 fr., w. priv. bath fm. 10 fr.

Thun.—Hotel Bellevue and Park.—Central for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Thun.—Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.—Every comfort. Large shady park. Very quiet. Diet if required. Terms from Frs. 10.

Vitznau.—Parkhotel.
Bon-Brothers, proprietors.
A1 guaranty for happy holidays.

Weissenburg (Bernese Oberland).—Waldkurhaus.—Ideal for restfl holidays, surrnded by spindid woods & Alpine mdows. Incl. trms frm Frs. 10.

Wengen (Bernese Oberland).—Parc Hotel Beausite.—First class family hotel. Weekly terms all inclusive from £5.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—Leading hotel of the Jungfrau district, offers most enjoyable summer holiday. Terms fm. Fr. 15.50. F. Borter, Propr.

Zurich.—Hotel Bellerive au lac.—
Finest situation on lake.
Open-air terrace. Restaurant. Bar.

Zurich.—Hotel Waldhaus Dolder.—Fam. htl. unriv. position overlooking town, lake & Alps. Full board fr. 14. Swim. pool. Golf. Tennis.

LE TOUQUET HOLIDAYS

HOTEL REGINA, on Sea Front, 5 gns.,
HOTEL DES ANGLAIS, in Forest, 5½ gns.,
per week, full board, taxes and service.

In the most unexpected places

The illustration below shows a retailer's cottage premises in the little village of Cockfield, Suffolk. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can be purchased here, as in many similar picturesque and remote spots all over the country.

Numerous letters from smokers tell of pleasure in finding their favourite "Player's" on sale here, there and everywhere . . . in the most unexpected places . . . The vast demand which makes this possible also ensures their unfailing freshness, and is proof supplied by smokers themselves that there is no better Cigarette at 10 for 6d.

Remember also, whatever your taste, you can please yourself by choosing "Medium" or "Mild" blends — Cork-tipped or Plain.

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES • "MEDIUM" OR "MILD" • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED • 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
N.C.C.431R

You get it in the neck!

With a 'Vantella' shirt, it's comfort you get in the neck — and not at the expense of smartness! Because all 'Vantella' shirts are made with 'Van Heusen' unshrinkable neckbands, and if you wear 'Van Heusen' semi-stiff collars to match, they set neatly on your neck without the aid of tabs, buttons, bones or gadgets. 'Vantella' shirts are cut from fadeless, unshrinkable cloth in three sleeve lengths to every neckband size, and fitted with 'Van Heusen' semi-stiff curve-woven cuffs. Price in zephyr 9/6, in poplin de luxe 10/9. 'Van Heusen' collars to match 1/3 each extra.

SHIRTS BY 'Vantella' REGD.

COLLARS TO MATCH BY 'Van Heusen' REGD.

'Van Heusen' neckbands and semi-stiff collars and cuffs are made exclusively by Harding, Tilton and Hartley Limited, London.

Φ6

APPLY FOR PATTERN CARD OF 76 DESIGNS TO COTELLA LTD. 14 MOOR LANE EC1

Aged · Of Rare Mellowness · Subtle Bouquet · Distinctive....

BY HOST · BY GUESTS · BY ALL PREFERRED!

Wm. Grant & Sons, Ltd., Distillers, Dufftown, Scotland.

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch:—Messrs. Hedges & Butler, Ltd., Wine Merchants, 153, Regent Street, W.1